A true and full copy of that which was moſt imperfectly and Surreptitiously printed before vnder the name of **Religio Medici**.

Printed for Andrew Crooke. 1645.

BODLEIAN
27 NOV 1931
LIBRARY

Tho: Hall of ye middle Temple his book
8.5.1653. pried.

A Letter ſent upon the Information of Animadverſions to come forth, upon the imperfect and ſurreptitious Copy of *Religio Medici; whilſt this true one was going to the* PRESSE.

Honourable Sir,

GIve your ſervant who hath ever honour'd you leave to take notice of a book at preſent in the Preſs, intituled (as I am informed) Animadverſions *upon a Treatiſe lately printed under the name of* Religio Medici; *hereof I am advertiſed, you have deſcended to be the Author. Worthy Sir, permit your Servant to affirm there is contain'd therein nothing that can deſerve the Reaſon of your contradictions,*

much leſs the candor of your Animadverſi-
ons: and to certifie the truth thereof; that
book (whereof I do acknowledg my ſelfe the
Author) was pen'd many yeares paſt, and
(what cannot eſcape your apprehenſion) with
no intention for the Preſs, or the leaſt deſire
to obleige the Faith of any man to its aſſer-
tions: but what hath more eſpecially embol-
dened my Pen unto you at preſent is, that the
ſame peice contrived in my private ſtudy,
and as an exerciſe unto my ſelf, rather then
exercitation for any other, having paſt from
my hand under a broken and imperfect Copy,
by frequent tranſcription it ſtill run forward
in corruption, and after the addition of ſome
things, omiſſion of others, and tranſpoſition
of many, without my aſſent or privacy, the
liberty of theſe times committed it unto the
Preſs, from whence it iſſued ſo diſguiſed,
the Author without diſtinction could not
acknowledge it. Having thus miſcarried,
within a few weeks I ſhall, God willing, de-
liver unto the Preſs the true and intended
Originall (whereof in the mean time your
worthy ſelf may command a view;) other-
wiſe when ever that Copy ſhall be extant, it
will moſt clearly appear how far the Text
hath

hath been miſtaken, and all obſervations, gloſſes, or exercitations thereon, will in a great part impugne the Printer or tranſcriber, rather then the Author. If after that you ſhall eſteem it worth your vacant hours to diſcourſe thereon, you ſhall but take that liberty which I aſſume my ſelf, that is, freely to abound in your ſenſe, as I have done in my own. Howeſver you ſhall determin, you ſhall ſufficiently honour me in the vouchſafe of your refute, and I obliege the whole world in the occaſion of your Pen.

Norwich,
March 3.
1642.

Your Servant,

T. B.

Worthy Sir,

SPeedily upon the Receipt of your Letter of the third Current, I ſent to finde out the Printer that Mr. Crooke (who delivered me yours) told me was printing ſomething under my name, concerning your Treatiſe of Religio Medici, and to forbid him any further proceeding therein; But my Servant could not meet with him; Whereupn I have left with Mr. Crooke a Note to that purpoſe, entreating him to deliver it to the Printer. I verily beleeve there is ſome miſtake in the information given you, and that what is printing muſt be from ſome other Pen then mine, for ſuch reflections as I made upon your learn'd and ingenious diſcourſe, are ſo far from meriting the Preſs, as they can tempt no body to a ſerious reading of them, they were Notes haſtily ſet down, as I ſuddenly ran over your excellent piece, which is of ſo weighty ſubject and ſo ſtrongly penned, as requireth much time,

time, and ſharp attention but to comprehend it; whereas what I writ was the employment but of one ſitting; and there was not twenty four houres between my receiving my Lord of Dorſets *letter that occaſioned what I ſaid, and the finiſhing my anſwer to him; and yet part of that time was taken up in procuring your book, which he deſired me to read, and give him an accompt of, for till then I was ſo unhappy as never to have heard of that worthy diſcourſe. If that letter ever come to your view, you will ſee the high value I ſet upon your great parts: And if it ſhould be thought I have been ſomething too bold in differing from your ſenſe, I hope I ſhall eaſily obtaine pardon when it ſhall be conſidered that his Lordſhip aſſigned it me as an exercitation to oppoſe in it for entertainment, ſuch paſſages as I might judge capable thereof; wherein what liberty I took is to be attributed to the ſecurity of a private letter, and to my not knowing (nor my Lords) the perſon whom it concerned.*

But Sir, now that I am ſo happy as to have that knowledge, I dare aſſure you, that nothing ſhal ever iſſue from me, but ſavouring of all honor, eſteem, and reverence both to your

your ſelf, and that worthy Production of yours. If I had the vanity to give my ſelf reputation by entring the liſts in publike with ſo eminent and learned a man as you are, yet I know right well, I am no wayes able to do it; it would be a very unequall congreſs: I pretend not to learning, theſe ſlender notions I have are but diſ-jointed pieces I have by chance gleaned up here and there: To encounter ſuch a ſinewy Oppoſite, or make Animadverſions upon ſo ſmart a piece as yours is, requireth a ſolid ſtock and exerciſe in School learning. My ſuperficial beſprinkling will ſerve onely for a private letter, or familiar diſcourſe with Lay auditors. With longing I expect the comming abroad of the true Copy of that Book, whoſe falſe and ſtoln one hath already given me ſo much delight. And ſo aſſuring you I ſhall deem it a great good fortune to deſerve your favour and friendſhip, I kiſs your hand and reſt

Wincheſter
Houſe the
20 of March
1642.

Your moſt humble
Servant,
Kenelm Digby.

To

To ſuch as have, or ſhall peruſe the Obſervations upon a former corrupt copy of this Book.

THere are ſome men that Politian *ſpeaks of,* Cui quam recta manus, tam tuit & facilis: *and it ſeems the Author to the Obſervations upon this book, would arrogate as much to himſelf, for they were by his own confeſſion, but the conceptions of one night; a haſty birth; and ſo it proves: for what is really controllable, he generally omitteth; and what is falſe upon the error of the Copy, he doth not alwayes take notice of; and wherein he would contradict, he miſtaketh, or traduceth the intention, and (beſides a parentheſis ſometimes upon the Author) only medleth with thoſe points from whence he takes a hint to deliver his prepared conceptions: But the groſs of his book is made out by diſcourſes collateral, and digreſſions*

of

of his own, not at all emergent from this discourse; which is easily perceptible unto the intelligent Reader. Thus much I thought good to let thee understand, without the Authors knowledge, who slighting the refute hath inforcedly published (as a sufficient confutation) his own Book: and in this I shall not make so bold with him, as the Observator hath done with that noble Knight, whose name he hath wrongfully prefixed, as I am informed, to slight Animadversions; but I leave him to repentance, and thee to thy satisfaction.

Farewell.

Yours A. B.

To

To the Reader.

CErtainly that man were greedy of life, who ſhould deſire to live when all the world were at an end; and he muſt needs be very impatient, who would repine at death in the ſociety of all things that ſuffer under it. Had not almoſt every man ſuffered by the preſs; or were not the tyranny thereof become univerſall; I had not wanted reaſon for complaint: but in times wherein I have lived to behold the higheſt perverſion of that excellent invention, the name of his Majeſty defamed, the honour of Parliament depraved, the writings of both depravedly, anticipatively, counterfeitly imprinted; complaints may ſeem ridiculous in private perſons, and men of my condition may be as incapable of affronts as hopeleſs of their reparations. And truly had not the duty I owe unto the importunity of friends, and

the

the allegiance I must ever acknowledge unto truth, prevailed with me; the inactivity of my disposition might have made these sufferings continuall, and time that brings other things to light, should have satisfied me in the remedy of its oblivion. But because things evidently false are not only printed, but many things of truth most falsly set forth; in this latter I could not but think my self engaged: for though we have no power to redresse the former, yet in the other reparation being within our selves, I have at present represented unto the world a ful and intended copy of that Piece which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously published before.

This I confesse about seven years past, with some others of affinity thereto, for my private exercise and satisfaction, I had at leasurable hours composed; which being communicated unto one, it became common unto many, and was by transcription successively corrupted untill it arrived in a most depraved Copie at the Presse. He that shall pursue that work, and shall take notice of sundry particularities and personall expressions therein, will easily discerne the

intention

intention was not publik: and being a private exercise directed to my selfe, what is delivered therein was rather a memoriall unto mee then an example or rule unto any other: and therefore if there be any singularity therein correspondent unto the private conceptions of any man, it doth not advantage them; or if dissentaneous thereunto, it no way overthrowes them. It was penned in such a place and with such advantage, that (I protest) from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of any good book, whereby to promote my invention, or relieve my memory; and therefore there might be many reall lapses therein, which others might take notice of, and more that I suspected my selfe. It was set down many years past, and was the sense of my conceptions at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgement at all times, and therefore there might bee many things therein plausible unto my passed apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present self. There are many things delivered Rhetorically, many expressions therein meerly Tropical, and as they best illustrate my intention; and therefore also

there are many things to be taken in a ſoft and flexible ſenſe, and not to be called unto the rigid teſt of reaſon. Laſtly, all that is contained therein is in ſubmiſsion unto maturer diſcernments, and as I have declared ſhall no further father them then the beſt and learned judgements ſhal authorize them; under favour of which conſiderations I have made its ſecrecy publick, and committed the truth thereof to every ingenuous Reader.

Tho. Browne.

Wtreomy

RELI-

RELIGIO MEDICI.

FOR my Religion, though Sect. 1.
there bee ſeverall circumſtances that might perſwade the world I have none at all, as the generall ſcandall of my profeſſion, the naturall courſe of my ſtudies, the indifferency of my behaviour, and diſcourſe in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention oppoſing another; yet in deſpight hereof I dare, without uſurpation, aſſume the honourable ſtile of a Chriſtian: not that I meerly owe this title to the Font, my education, or Clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirme thoſe principles my parents inſtil-

led into my unwary underſtanding; or by a generall conſent proceed in the Religion of my Country: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, ſeene and examined all, I find my ſelfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of mine owne reaſon, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeale ſo farre make mee forget the generall charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate then pity Turkes, Infidels, and (what is worſe) Jewes, rather contenting my ſelfe to enjoy that happy ſtile, then maligning thoſe who refuſe ſo glorious a title.

Sect. 2. But becauſe the name of a Chriſtian is become too generall to expreſſe our faith, there being a Geography of Religions as well as Lands, and every Clime diſtinguiſhed not onely by their Lawes and Limits, but circumſcribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith; To be particular, I am of that reformed new-caſt Religion, wherein I diſlike nothing but the name, of the ſame beliefe our Saviour taught, the Apoſtles diſſeminated, the Fathers authoriſed, and the Martyrs confirmed

firmed; but by the ſiniſter ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Prelates, and the fatall corruption of times, ſo decaied, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hands of theſe times to reſtore it to its primitive integrity: Now the accidentall occaſion whereupon, the ſlender meanes whereby, the low and abject condition of the perſon by whom ſo good a worke was ſet on foot, which in our adverſaries beget contempt and ſcorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very ſame objection the inſolent Pagans firſt caſt at Chriſt and his Diſciples.

Yet have I not ſo ſhaken hands with *Sect. 3.* thoſe deſperate Reſolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottome then bring her in to be new trim'd in the dock; who had rather promiſcuouſly retaine all, then abridge any, and obſtinately be what they are, then what they have been, as to ſtand in diameter and ſwords point with them: we have reformed from them, not againſt them; for omitting thoſe improperations and termes of ſcurrility betwixt us, which

onely difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them: I could never perceive any rationall consequence from those many texts which prohibite the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might prophane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs prophane it, mine may hallow it; Holy water and Crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confesse, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale termes superstition; my common con-

converſation I doe acknowledge auſtere, my behaviour full of rigour, ſometimes not without moroſity; yet at my devotion I love to uſe the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all thoſe outward and ſenſible motions, which may expreſſe, or promote my inviſible devotion. I ſhould violate my owne arme rather then a Church, nor willingly deface the memory of Saint or Martyr. At the ſight of a Croſſe or Crucifix I can diſpence with my hat, but ſcarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitleſſe journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miſerable condition of Fryers; for though miſplaced in circumſtance, there is ſomething in it of devotion. I could never heare the * *Ave Marie* Bell without an elevation, or thinke it a ſufficient warrant, becauſe they erred in one circumſtance, for me to erre in all, that is, in ſilence and dumbe contempt; whilſt therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine owne; At a ſolemn

* A Church Bell that tolls every day at 6 and 12. of the Clock, at the hearing whereof every one in what place ſoever either of houſe or ſtreet betakes him to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the *Virgin*.

Profession I have wept abundantly while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an accesse of scorne and laughter: There are questionlesse both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeales doe make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us; not as evill in themselves, but as allurements and baites of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgements that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of vertue without a reele or stagger to the circumference.

Sect. 4. As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every Country proceeding in a particular way and Method, according as their nationall interest together with their constitution and clime inclined them, some angrily and with extreamity, others calmely, and with mediocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation, which though peaceable

Spirits

Spirits doe desire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and the mercies of God may effect; yet that judgement that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extreames, their contrarieties in condition, affection and opinion, may with the same hopes expect an union in the poles of Heaven.

Sect. 5. But to difference my self neerer, & draw into a lesser circle: There is no Church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customes seeme so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belefe, the Church of *England*, to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions: whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion, neither believing this, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving that, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it. I condemne not all things in the Coun-

Councell of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort*. In briefe, where the Scripture is ſilent, the Church is my Text; where that ſpeaks, tis but my Comment; where there is a joynt ſilence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my owne reaſon. It is an unjuſt ſcandall of our adverſaries, and a groſſe error in our ſelves, to compute the Nativity of our religion from *Henry* the eight, who though he rejected the Pope refus'd not the faith of *Rome*, and effected no more then what his owne Predeceſſors deſired and aſſayed in ages paſt, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our dayes. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon thoſe popular ſcurrilities and opprobrious ſcoffs of the Biſhop of *Rome*, whom as a temporall Prince, we owe the duty of good language: I confeſſe there is cauſe of paſſion between us; by his ſentence I ſtand excommunicated, Heretick is the beſt language he affords me; yet can no eare witneſſe I ever returned to him the name of Anti-

chriſt,

christ, Man of sinne, or whore of *Babylon*; it is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usuall satyrs, and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose eares are opener to Rhetorick then Logick, yet doe they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser beleevers, who know that a good cause needs not to be pardon'd by passion, but can sustaine it self upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide my selfe from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few dayes I should dissent my selfe: I have no Genius to disputes in Religion, and have often thought it wisedome, to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakneſſe of my patronage: where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above our selves; but to confirme and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgements below our own, that the frequent spoiles *Sect.6.*

and victories over their reaſons may ſettle in our ſelves an eſteeme, and confirmed opinion of our owne. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit totake up the Gantlet in the cauſe of Verity: Many from the ignorance of theſe Maximes, and an inconſiderate zeale unto Truth, have too raſhly charged the troopes of error, and remaine as Trophees unto the enemies of Truth: A man may be in as juſt poſſeſſion of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to ſurrender; tis therefore farre better to enjoy her with peace, then to hazzard her on a battell: If therefore there riſe any doubts in my way, I doe forget them, or at leaſt deferre them, till my better ſetled judgement, and more manly reaſon be able to reſolve them; for I perceive every mans owne reaſon is his beſt *Oedipus*, and will upon a reaſonable truce, find a way to looſe thoſe bonds wherewith the ſubtilties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philoſophy where truth ſeemes double-faced, there is no man more paradoxicall then my ſelf; but

in

in Divinity I love to keepe the road, and though not in an implicite, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheele of the Church, by which I move, not reſerving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my owne braine; by this means I have no gap for Hereſies, Schiſmes, or Errors, of which at preſent I hope I ſhall not injure Truth, to ſay, I have no taint or tincture; I muſt confeſſe my greener ſtudies have beene polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries, but old and obſolete, ſuch as could never have been revived, but by ſuch extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed Hereſies periſh not with their Authors, but like the River *Arethuſa*, though they loſe their currents in one place, they riſe up againe in another: one generall Councell is not able to extirpate one ſingle Hereſie, it may be canceld for the preſent, but revolution of time and the like aſpects from Heaven, will reſtore it, when it will flouriſh till it be condemned againe; for as though there were a *Metempſuchoſis*, and the ſoule of one man

paſſed

passed into another, opinions doe finde after certaine revolutions, men and mindes like those that first begat them. To see our selves againe we needs not looke for * *Platoes* yeare; every man is not onely himselfe; there have beene many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timons*, though but few of that name; men are lived over againe, the world is now as it was in ages past, there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and is as it were his revived selfe.

* A revolution of certaine thousand yeares when all things should returne unto their former estate and he be reaching againe in his schoole as when he delivered this opinion.

Now the first of mine was that of the Arabians, that the soules of men perished with their bodies, but should yet be raised againe at the last day; not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soule, but if that were, which faith, not Philosophy hath yet throughly disproved, and that both entred the grave together, yet I held the same conceit thereof that we all doe of the bodie, that it rise againe. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if wee sleepe in darkenesse, untill the last alarum: A serious reflex upon my owne unworthi-

Sect. 7.

nesse

neſſe did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my ſoule; ſo I might enjoy my Saviour at the laſt, I could with patience be nothing almoſt unto eternity. The ſecond was that of *Origen*, that God would not perſiſt in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath hee would releaſe the damned ſoules from torture; Which errour I fell into upon a ſerious contemplation of the great attribute of God his Mercy, and did a little cheriſh it in my ſelfe, becauſe I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to ſway me from the other extream of deſpair, whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too eaſily diſpoſed. A third there is which I did never poſitively maintaine or practice, but have often wiſhed it had been conſonant to Truth, and not offenſive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from ſome charitable inducements, whereby I could ſcarce containe my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpes without an oraiſon for his ſoule: 'Twas a good way me thought to

be

bee remembred by posterity, and farre more noble then an Historie. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavoured to enveagle any mans belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my deareſt friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in my selfe, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substance, without addition of new fuell, they went out insensibly of themselves; therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawfull Councels, were not Heresies in me, but bare Errors and single Lapses of my understanding, without a joynt depravity of my will: Those have not only depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a Heresie, or be the author of an opinion, without they be of a Sect also; this was the villany of the first schisme of *Lucifer*, who was not content to erre alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits; and upon this experience hee tempted onely *Eve*, as well understanding the communicable

communicable nature of ſin, and that to deceive but one, was tacitely and upon conſequence to delude them both.

That Hereſies ſhould ariſe we have the propheſie of Chriſt, but that old ones ſhould bee aboliſhed wee hold no prediction. That there muſt be hereſies, is true, not onely in our Church, but alſo in any other: even in Doctrines heretical there will bee ſuper-hereſies, and Arians not onely divided from their Church, but alſo among themſelves: for heads that are diſpoſed unto Schiſme and complexionably propenſe to innovation are naturally diſpoſed for a community, nor will be ever confined unto the order or œconomy of one body; and therefore when they ſeparate from others they knit but looſely among themſelves; nor contented with a generall breach or dichotomie with their Church, do ſubdivide and mince themſelves almoſt into Atomes. 'Tis true, that men of ſingular parts and humours have not been free from ſingular opinions and conceits in all ages; retaining ſomething not onely beſide the opinion *Sect. 8.*

of his owne Church or any other, but alſo any particular Author: which notwithſtanding a ſober judgement may do without offence or hereſie; for there is yet after all the decrees of councels and the niceties of the Schooles, many things untouch'd, unimagin'd, wherein the liberty of an honeſt reaſon may play and expiate with ſecurity, and farre without the circle of an hereſie.

Sect. 9. As for thoſe wingy myſteries in Divinity, and aery ſubtilties in Religion, which have unhing'd the braines of better heads, they never ſtretched the *Pia Mater* of mine; methinkes there bee not impoſſibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepeſt myſteries ours containes, have not onely been illuſtrated, but maintained by ſyllogiſme, and the rule of reaſon: I love to loſe my ſelfe in a myſtery, to purſue my reaſon to an *oh altitudo*. 'Tis my ſolitary recreation to poſe my apprehenſion with thoſe involved ænigma's and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Reſurrection. I can anſwer all the

the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reaſon, with that odde reſolution I learned of *Tertullian*, *Certum eſt quia impoſsibile eſt*. I deſire to exerciſe my faith in the difficulteſt point; for to credit ordinary and viſible objects is not faith, but perſwaſion. Some beleeve the better for ſeeing Chriſt his Sepulchre, and when they have ſeene the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I bleſſe my ſelfe, and am thankefull that I lived not in the dayes of miracles, that I never ſaw Chriſt nor his Diſciples; I would not have beene one of thoſe Iſraelites that paſſed the Red Sea, nor one of Chriſts Patients, on whom hee wrought his wonders; then had my faith been thruſt upon me, nor ſhould I enjoy that greater bleſſing pronounced to all that beleeve and ſaw not. 'Tis an eaſie and neceſſary beliefe to credit what our eye and ſenſe hath examined: I beleeve he was dead, and buried, and roſe againe; and deſire to ſee him in his glory rather then to contemplate him in his Cenotaphe, or Sepulchre. Nor is this much to beleeve, as we have reaſon, we

owe this faith unto Hiſtory: they onely had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his comming, who upon obſcure propheſies and myſticall Types could raiſe a belief, and expect apparent impoſſibilities.

Sect. 10. 'Tis true there is an edge in all firme belief, and with an eaſie Metaphor wee may ſay the Sword of faith; but in theſe obſcurities I rather uſe it; in the adjunct the Apoſtle gives it, a Buckler; under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of underſtanding to know we knew nothing, my reaſon hath been more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to underſtand a myſtery without a rigid definition in an eaſie and Platonick deſcription. That allegoricall deſcription of *Hermes*, * pleaſeth mee beyond all the Metaphyſicall definitions of Divines; where I cannot ſatisfie my reaſon, I love to humour my fancy; I had as lieve you tell mee that *anima eſt angelus hominis, eſt Corpus Dei*, as *Entelechia; Lux eſt umbra Dei*, as *actus perſpicui*: where there is an obſcurity too deepe for our reaſon

* *Sphæra, cujus centrum ubiq; circumferentia nullibi.*

reaſon 'tis good to ſet downe with a deſcription, periphraſis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reaſon how unable it is to diſplay the viſible and obvious effect of nature, it becomes more humble and ſubmiſſive unto the ſubtilties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed Reaſon to ſtoope unto the lure of Faith. I beleeve there was already a tree whoſe fruit our unhappy parents taſted, though in the ſame chapter, when God forbids it, 'tis poſitively ſaid, the plants of the fields were not yet growne; for God had not cauſed it to raine upon the earth. I beleeve that the Serpent (if we ſhall literally underſtand it) from his proper forme and figure, made his motion on his belly before the curſe. I finde the tryall of the Pucellage and Virginity of women, which God ordained the Jewes, is very fallible. Experience and Hiſtory informes me, that not onely many particular women, but likewiſe whole Nations have eſcaped the curſe of childbirth, which God ſeemes to pronounce upon the whole Sex; yet do I beleeve that all this is

true, which indeed my reaſon would perſwade me to be falſe; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith, to beleeve a thing not onely above, but contrary to reaſon, and againſt the arguments of our proper ſenſes.

Sect. 11. In my ſolitary and retired imagination, (*Neque enim cum porticus, aut me lectulus accepit, deſum mihi*) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me, eſpecially thoſe two mighty ones, his wiſdome and eternity: with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my underſtanding: for who can ſpeake of eternity without a ſolœciſme, or thinke thereof without an extaſie? Time we may comprehend, 'tis but five dayes elder then our ſelves, and hath the ſame Horoſcope with the world, but to retire ſo farre backe as to apprehend a beginning, to give ſuch an infinite ſtart forward as to conceive an end in an eſſence that wee affirme hath neither the one nor the other; it puts my reaſon to Saint *Pauls* Sanctuary; my philoſophy dares not ſay

say the Angels can do it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him, 'tis a priviledge of his owne nature; *I am that I am*, was his owne definition unto *Moses*; and 'twas a short one, to confound mortality, that durst question God, or aske him what hee was; indeed hee onely is, all others have and shall be, but in eternity there is no distinction of Tenses, and therefore that terrible terme *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive and the wisest to explaine, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his eternity which is indivisible, and altogether, the last Trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in *Abrahams* bosome. Saint *Peter* speaks modestly, when hee saith a thousand years to God are but as one day: for to speake like a Philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into thousand yeares, make not to him one moment; what to us is

to come, to his Eternity is preſent, his whole duration being but one permanent point without ſucceſſion, parts, flux, or diviſion.

Sect. 12. There is no attribute that addes more difficulty to the myſtery of the Trinity, where though in a relative way of Father and Son, wee muſt deny a priority. I wonder how *Ariſtotle* could conceive the World eternall, or how hee could make good two Eternities: his ſimilitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a ſquare, doth ſomewhat illuſtrate the Trinity of our ſoules, and that the Triple Unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a Trinity of Soules, becauſe there is in us, if not three diſtinct ſoules, yet differing faculties, that can, and do ſubſiſt apart in different ſubjects, and yet in us are ſo united as to make but one ſoule and ſubſtance; if one ſoule were ſo perfect as to informe three diſtinct bodies, that were a petty Trinity: conceive the diſtinct number of three, not divided nor ſeparated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its Unity, and that is a perfect Trinity. I have often admired

admired the mysticall way of *Pythagoras*, and the secret Magick of numbers; Beware of Philosophy, is a precept not to bee received in too large a sense; for in this masse of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capitall Letters, yet in Stenography and short Characters, something of Divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as Luminaries in the abysse of knowledge, and to judicious beliefes, as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of Divinity. The severe Schooles shall never laugh mee out of the Philosophy of *Hermes*, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a pourtract, things are not truely, but in equivocall shapes, and as they counterfeit some more reall substance in that invisible Fabrick.

That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his Wisdome, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this onely, do not repent mee that I was bred in the way of study: The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happinesse I conceive *Sect.* 1.

ceive therein, is an ample recompence for all my endeavours, in what part of knowledge ſoever. Wiſdome is his moſt beauteous attribute, no man can attain unto it, yet *Solomon* pleaſed God when he deſired it. He is wiſe, becauſe he knowes all things, and hee knoweth all things, becauſe he made them all, but his greateſt knowledge is in comprehending that hee made not, that is, himſelfe. And this is alſo the greateſt knowledge in man. For this do I honour my owne profeſſion, and embrace the counſel even of the Devill himſelfe: had he read ſuch a Lecture in Paradiſe, as he did at * *Delphos*; we had better knowne our ſelves, nor had we ſtood in feare to know him. I know he is wiſe in all, wonderfull in what wee conceive, but far more in what wee comprehend not, for we behold him but aſquint upon reflexe or ſhadow; our underſtanding is dimmer then *Moſes* eye, wee are ignorant of the backparts, or lower ſide of his Divinity; therefore to prie into the maze of his Counſels, is not onely folly in man, but preſumption even in Angels; like us, they are his ſervants,

* γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *Noſce teipſum.*

vants, not his Senators; he holds no Councell, but that myſticall one of the Trinity, wherein though there be three perſons, there is but one mind that decrees, without contradiction: nor needs hee any, his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wiſedome naturally knows what's beſt; his intellect ſtands ready fraught with the ſuperlative and pureſt Idea's of goodneſſe; conſultation and election, which are two motions in us, make but one in him; his actions ſpringing from his power, at the firſt touch of his will. Theſe are Contemplations Metaphyſicall, my humble ſpeculations have another Method, and are content to trace and diſcover thoſe expreſſions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature; there is no danger to profound theſe myſteries, no *ſanctum ſanctorum* in Philoſophy: The world was made to be inhabited by Beaſts, but ſtudied and contemplated by man: 'tis the debt of our reaſon we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beaſts; without this the world is ſtill as though it had

had not been, or as it was before the sixt day when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisedome of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity admire his workes; those highly magnifie him whose Judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Therefore,

Search while thou wilt, and let thy reason goe
To ransome truth even to the abysse below,
Rally the scattered causes, and that line
Which nature twists be able to untwine
It is thy Makers will, for unto none
But unto reason can he ere be knowne. (ours
The Devills doe know thee, but those damned mete-
Build not thy glory, but confound thy creatures.
Teach my indeavours so thy workes to read,
That learning them, in thee I may proceed.
Give thou my reason that instructive flight,
Whose weary wings may on thy hands still light.
Teach me to soare aloft, yet ever so,
When neare the sunne, to stoope againe below.
Thus shall my humble feathers safely hover, (cover.
And though neere earth, more then the heavens dis-
And then at last, when homeward I shall drive

Rich

Rich with the Spoyles of nature to my hive,
There will I ſit, like that induſtrious flye,
Buzzing thy prayſes, which ſhal never die,
Till death abrupts them, and ſucceeding glory
Bid me gee on in a more laſting ſtory.

And this is almoſt all wherein an humble creature may endeavour to requite, and ſome way to retribute unto his Creator; for if not he that ſayeth *Lord, Lord; but he that doth the will of his Father, ſhall be ſaved*; certainely our wills muſt bee our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwiſe our pious labours ſhall finde anxiety in their graves, and our beſt endeavours not hope, but feare a reſurrection.

There is but one firſt cauſe, and foure ſecond cauſes of all things; ſome are without efficient, as God; others without matter, as Angels; ſome without forme, as the firſt matter; but every Eſſence created or uncreated, hath its finall cauſe, and ſome poſitive end both of its Eſſence and operation; This is the cauſe I grope after in the workes of nature; on this hangs the providence of God to raiſe ſo beauteous a ſtructure, *Sect.* 14.

as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his Art, but their ſundry and divided operations with their predeſtinated ends, are from the treaſury of his wiſedome. In the cauſes, nature, and affections of the Eclipſe of Sunne and Moone, there is moſt excellent ſpeculation; but to profound farther, and to contemplate a reaſon why his providence hath ſo diſpoſed and ordered their motions in that vaſt circle, as to conjoyne and obſcure each other, is a ſweeter piece of reaſon, and a diviner point of Philoſophy; therefore ſometimes, and in ſome things there appears to me as much divinity in *Galen* his Books *De uſu partium*, as in *Suarez* Metaphyſicks: Had *Ariſtotle* been as curious in the enquiry of this cauſe as he was of the other, he had not left behinde him an imperfect piece of Philoſophy, but an abſolute tract of Divinity.

Sect. 15. *Natura nihil agit fruſtra*, is the onely indiſputable axiome in Philoſophy; there are no *Groteſques* in nature; not any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unneceſſary ſpaces; in the moſt im-

imperfect creature, and ſuch as were not preſerved in the Arke, but having their ſeeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are every-where where the power of the Sunne is; in theſe is the wiſedome of his hand diſcovered: Out of this ranke *Solomon* choſe the object of his admiration; indeed what reaſon may not goe to ſchoole to the wiſedome of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wiſe hand teacheth them to doe what reaſon cannot teach us? ruder heads ſtand amazed at thoſe prodigious pieces of nature, Whales, Elephants, Dromidaries, and Camels; theſe I confeſſe, are the Coloſſus and Majeſtick pieces of her hand; but in theſe narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks, and the civility of theſe little Citizens, more neatly ſet forth the wiſedome of their Maker; Who admires not *Regio-Montanus* his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two ſoules in thoſe little bodies, than but one in the trunck of a Cedar? I could never content my contemplation with thoſe generall pieces of wonder, the

flux

flux and reflux of the ſea, the encreaſe of Nile, the converſion of the Needle to the North, and have ſtudied to match and parallel thoſe in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Coſmography of my ſelfe; we carry with us the wonders wee ſeeke without us: There is all *Africa*, and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that ſtudies, wiſely learnes in a *compendium*, what others labour at in a divided piece and endleſſe volume.

Sect. 16. Thus there are two Bookes from whence I collect my Divinity; beſides that written one of God, another of his ſervant Nature, that univerſall and publike Manuſcript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all; thoſe that never ſaw him in the one, have diſcovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theologie of the Heathens; the naturall motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than its ſupernaturall ſtation did the Children of Iſrael; the ordinary effect of nature wrought

wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles; ſurely the Heathens knew better how to joine and read theſe myſticall Letters, than wee Chriſtians, who caſt a more careleſſe eye on theſe common Hieroglyphicks, and diſdain to ſuck Divinity from the flowers of Nature. Nor do I ſo forget God, as to adore the name of Nature; which I define not with the Schools, the principle of motion and reſt, but, that ſtreight and regular line, that ſetled and conſtant courſe the wiſdome of God hath ordained the actions of his Creatures, according to their ſeveral kinds. To make a revolution every day, is the nature of the Sunne, becauſe that neceſſary courſe which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot ſwerve, by a faculty from that voice which firſt did give it motion. Now this courſe of Nature God ſeldome alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artiſt hath ſo contrived his worke, that with the ſelfe ſame inſtrument without a new creation hee may effect his obſcureſt deſignes. Thus hee ſweetneth the Water with a Wood,

preſerveth the creatures in the Arke; which the blaſt of his mouth might have as eaſily created: for God is like a skilfull Geometrician, who when more eaſily and with one ſtroke of his Compaſſe, he might deſcribe, or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way; according to the conſtituted and forelaid principles of his Art: yet this rule of his he doth ſometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, leſt the arrogancy of our reaſon ſhould queſtion his power, and conclude he could not; and thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whoſe hand and inſtrument ſhe only is; and therefore to aſcribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honour of the principall agent, upon the inſtrument; which if with reaſon we may do, then let our hammers riſe up and boaſt they have built our houſes, and our pens receive the honour of our writing. I hold there is a generall beauty in the workes of God, and therefore no deformity in any kinde or ſpecies of creature whatſoever: I cannot tell by what Logicke we call a Toad, a Bear, or an

an Elephant, ugly, they being created in thoſe outward ſhapes and figures which beſt expreſs thoſe actions of their inward formes. And having paſt that generall viſitation of God, who ſaw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monſtroſity, wherein notwithſtanding there is a kinde of beauty, Nature ſo ingeniouſly contriving the irregular parts, as they become ſometimes more remarkeable than the principall Fabrick. To ſpeake yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly, or miſ-ſhapen, but the Chaos; wherein notwithſtanding, to ſpeak ſtrictly, there was no deformity, becauſe no forme, nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God: Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the ſervants of his providence: Art is the perfection of Nature: Were the world now as it was the ſixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one World, and Art another. In briefe, all things are

artificiall, for Nature is the Art of God.

Sect. 17. This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which Art and Industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an Oracle: to foreshew these is not Propheſie, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devill and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscurer method of his providence, directing the operations of individualls and single Essences; this we call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he drawes those actions his wisdome intends in a more unknowne and secret way; This cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my dayes, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance with a *Bezo las Manos* to Fortune, or a bare Gramercy to my good starres: *Abraham* might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reason would have said that meere chance conveyed

veyed *Moſes* in the Arke to the ſight of *Pharaohs* daughter: what a Labyrinth is there in the ſtory of *Joſeph*, able to convert a Stoick? Surely there are in every mans life certaine rubs, doublings and wrenches, which paſſe a while under the effects of chance, but at the laſt well examined, prove the meere hand of God: 'Twas not dumbe chance, that to diſcover the Fougade or Powder plot, contrived a miſcarriage in the letter. I like the victory of 88. the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our diſhonour, and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempeſts and contrariety of winds. King *Philip* did not detract from the Nation, when hee ſaid, hee ſent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the windes. Where there is a manifeſt diſproportion betweene the powers and forces of two ſeverall agents, upon a maxime of reaſon wee may promiſe the victory to the ſuperiour; but when unexpected accidents ſlip in, and unthought of occurrences intervene, theſe muſt proceed from a power that owes no obedience to

thoſe axioms: where, as in the writing upon the wall, we behold the hand, but ſee not the ſpring that moves it. The ſucceſſe of that petty Province of Holland (of which the grand Seigneur proudly ſaid, That if they ſhould trouble him as they did the Spaniard, hee would ſend his men with ſhovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether aſcribe to the ingenuity and induſtry of the people, but to the mercy of God that hath diſpoſed them to ſuch a thriving *Genius*; and to the will of his providence, that diſpoſeth her favour to each Country in their preordinate ſeaſon. All cannot be happy at once, for becauſe the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another, there is a revolution and viciſſitude of their greatneſſe, and muſt obey the ſwing of that wheele, not moved by Intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Eſtates ariſe to their Zenith and verticall points, according to their predeſtinated periods. For the lives not only of men, but of Common-weales, and the whole world run not upon an Helix that ſtill enlargeth,

enlargeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obſcurity, and fall under the Horizon againe.

Theſe muſt not therefore bee named the effects of Fortune, but in a relative way, and as wee terme the workes of nature; it was the ignorance of mans reaſon that begat this very name, and by a careleſſe term miſcalled the providence of God: for there is no liberty for cauſes to operate in a looſe and ſtragling way, nor any effect whatſoever, but hath its warrant from ſome univerſall or ſuperior cauſe. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to ſay a prayer before a game at Tables; for even in *fortilegies* and matters of greateſt uncertainty, there is a ſetled and preordered courſe of effects; it is wee that are blind, not Fortune: becauſe our eye is too dim to diſcover the myſtery of her effects, we fooliſhly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot juſtifie that contemptible proverb, *That Fooles only are fortunate*; or that inſolent Paradox, *That a wiſeman is out of the reach of fortune*, *Sect.* 18.

tune, much leſſe thoſe opprobrious Epithets of Poets, *Whore*, *Baud*, and *Strumpet*: 'Tis I confeſſe the common fate of men of ſingular gifts of minde, to be deſtitute of thoſe of fortune; which doth not any way deject the ſpirit of wiſer judgements, who throughly underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, caſt a more careleſſe eye on theſe vulgar parts of felicity. It is a moſt unjuſt ambition to deſire to engroſſe the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of minde, without a poſſeſſion of thoſe of body or fortune: and it is an errour worſe than hereſie, to adore theſe complementall and circumſtantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue thoſe perfections and eſſentiall points of happineſſe, wherein we reſemble our maker. To wiſer deſires it is ſatisfaction enough to deſerve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fools: 'tis not partiality, but equity in God, who deales with us but as our naturall parents, thoſe that are able of body and mind, he leaves to their deſerts; to thoſe

of

of weaker merits hee imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the acceſſe of the other. Thus have wee no juſt quarrell with Nature, for leaving us naked; or to envie the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other Creatures, being provided with reaſon, that can ſupply them all. Wee need not labour with ſo many arguments to confute judiciall aſtrology; for if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure Divinity; if to be borne under *Mercury* diſpoſeth us to be witty, under *Jupiter* to be wealthy, I do not owe a knee unto theſe, but unto that mercifull hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertaine nativity unto ſuch benevolous aſpects. Thoſe that hold that all things were governed by fortune, had not erred, had they not perſiſted there: The Romanes that erected a Temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, ſomewhat of Divinity; for in a wiſe ſupputation all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than Homers chaine; an eaſie Logick may conjoine heaven and earth

in

in one argument, and with leſſe than a Sorites reſolve all things into God. For though we chriſten effects by their moſt ſenſible and neareſt cauſes, yet is God the true and infallible cauſe of all, whoſe concourſe though it bee generall, yet doth it ſubdivide it ſelfe into the particular actions of every thing, and is that ſpirit, by which each ſingular eſſence not onely ſubſiſts, but performes its operation.

Sect. 19. The bad conſtruction and perverſe comment on theſe paire of ſecond cauſes, or viſible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto Atheiſme; who forgetting the honeſt adviſoes of Faith, have liſtned unto the conſpiracy of Paſſion and Reaſon. I have therefore alwayes endeavoured to compoſe thoſe fewds and angry diſſentions betweene affection, faith, and reaſon: For there is in our ſoule a kind of Triumvirate, or Triple government of three competitors, which diſtract the peace of this our Common-wealth, not leſſe than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reaſon is a rebell unto Faith, ſo Paſſion

Paſſion unto Reaſon: As the propoſitions of Faith ſeeme abſurd unto Reaſon, ſo the Theorems of Reaſon unto Paſſion, and both unto Reaſon; yet a moderate and peaceable diſcretion may ſo ſtate and order the matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exerciſing his Soveraignty and Prerogative in a due time and place according to the reſtraint and limit of circumſtance. There is, as in Philoſophy, ſo in Divinity, ſturdy doubts, and boiſterous objections, wherewith the unhappineſſe of our knowledge too neerly acquainteth us. More of theſe no man hath knowne than my ſelfe, which I confeſſe I conquered, not in a martiall poſture, but on my knees. For our indeavours are not onely to combate with doubts, but alwayes to diſpute with the Devill: the villany of that Spirit takes a hint of Infidelity from our Studies, and by demonſtrating a naturality in one way, makes us miſtruſt a miracle in another. Thus having peruſed the Archidoxis and read the ſecret Sympathies of things, hee would diſſwade my belief from

from the miracle of the Brazen Serpent, make me conceit that image worked by Sympathy, and was but an Ægyptian tricke to cure their diſeaſes without a miracle. Againe, having ſeene ſome experiments of *Bitumen*, and having read farre more of *Naptha*, hee whiſpered to my curioſity the fire of the Altar might be naturall, and bid mee miſtruſt a miracle in *Elias*, when he entrenched the Altar round with water; for that inflamable ſubſtance yeelds not eaſily unto water, but flames in the armes of its Antagoniſt: and thus would hee inveagle my beliefe to thinke the combuſtion of *Sodome* might be naturall, and that there was an Aſphaltick and Bituminous nature in that lake before the fire of *Gomorrah*: I know that Manna is now plentifully gathered in *Calabria*, and *Ioſephus* tells mee, in his dayes it was as plentifull in *Arabia*; the Devill therefore made the *quere*, Where was then the miracle in the dayes of *Moſes*? the *Iſraelite* ſaw but that in his time, the natives of thoſe Countries behold in ours. Thus the Devill plaid at Cheſſe with mee, and

and yeelding a pawne, thought to gaine a Queene of me, taking advantage of my honeſt indeavours; and whilſt I laboured to raiſe the ſtructure of my reaſon, hee ſtrived to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Neither had theſe or any other ever ſuch advantage of mee, as to encline mee to any point of Infidelity or deſperate poſitions of Atheiſme; for I have been theſe many yeares of opinion there was never any. Thoſe that held Religion was the difference of man from Beaſts, have ſpoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other: That doctrine of *Epicurus*, that denyed the providence of God, was no Atheiſm, but a magnificent and high-ſtrained conceit of his Majeſty, which he deemed too ſublime to minde the triviall actions of thoſe inferiour Creatures: That fatall neceſſity of the Stoicks is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Thoſe that heretofore denyed the Divinity of the holy Ghoſt, have been condemned but as Heretickes; and thoſe that now deny our Saviour though *Sect.* 20.

(though more then Hereticks) are not ſo much as Atheiſts: for though they deny two perſons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell, that compoſed that miſcreant piece of the three Impoſtors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turke, nor Chriſtian, was not a poſitive Atheiſt. I confeſſe every Country hath its *Machiavell*, every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads muſt not heare, nor more advanced judgements too raſhly venture on: it is the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a looſe or prejudicate belief.

Sect. 21. I confeſſe I have peruſed them all, and can diſcover nothing that may ſtartle a diſcreet beliefe, yet are their heads carryed off with the winde and breath of ſuch motives. I remember a Doctor in Phyſick of *Italy*, who could not perfectly beleeve the immortality of the Soule, becauſe *Galen* ſeemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in *France*, a Divine, and man of ſingular parts, that on the ſame point

point was ſo plunged and gravelled with * three lines of *Seneca*, that all our Antidotes, drawne from both Scripture and Philoſophy, could not expell the poyſon of his errour. There are a ſet of heads, that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet queſtion the teſtimonies of Saint *Paul*; and peremptorily maintaine the traditions of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in Hiſtories of Scripture, raiſe Quere's and objections, beleeving no more than they can parallel in humane Authors. I confeſſe there are in Scripture ſtories that doe exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader ſound like *Garagantua* or *Bevis*: Search all the Legends of times paſt, and the fabulous conceits of theſe preſent, and 'twill be hard to finde one that deſerves to carry the Buckler unto *Samſon*, yet is all this of an eaſie poſſibility, if we conceive a divine concourſe or an influence but from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impoſſible that either in the diſcourſe of man, or in the infallible voyce of God, to the weakneſſe of our apprehenſions, there ſhould not appeare irregularities,

* *Poſt mortem nihil eſt, ipſaq; mors nihil. Mors individua eſt noxia corpori, Nec patiens animæ — Toti morimur, nullaq pars manet Noſtri* —

con-

contradictions, and antinomies: my ſelfe could ſhew a Catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor queſtioned, as I know, which are not reſolved at the firſt hearing, not fantaſtick Quere's, or objections of aire: For I cannot heare of Atoms in Divinity. I can read the hiſtory of the Pigeon that was ſent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not queſtion how ſhe found out her mate that was left behind: That *Lazarus* was raiſed from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his ſoule awaited; or raiſe a Law-caſe, whether his heire might lawfully detaine his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; and he, though reſtored to life have no plea or title unto his former poſſeſſions. Whether *Eve* was framed out of the left ſide of *Adam*, I diſpute not; becauſe I ſtand not yet aſſured which is the right ſide of a man, or whether there be any ſuch diſtinction in Nature; that ſhe was edified out of the ribbe of *Adam* I believe, yet raiſe no queſtion who ſhall ariſe with that ribbe at the Reſurrection. Whether *Adam* was

was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbines contend upon the letter of the Text, becauſe it is contrary to reaſon, there ſhould bee an Hermaphrodite, before there was a woman, or a compoſition of two natures, before there was a ſecond compoſed. Likewiſe, whether the world was created in Autumne, Summer, or the Spring; becauſe it was created in them all; for whatſoever Signe the Sun poſſeſſeth, thoſe foure ſeaſons are actually exiſtent: It is the nature of this Luminary to diſtinguiſh the ſeverall ſeaſons of the yeere, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth, and ſucceſſive in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curioſities, not onely in Philoſophy, but in Divinity, propoſed and diſcuſſed by men of moſt ſuppoſed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant houres, much leſſe our ſerious ſtudies. Pieces only fit to be placed in *Pantagruels* Library, or bound up with *Tartaretus de modo Cacandi.* *In Rabelais*

Theſe are niceties that become not thoſe that peruſe ſo ſerious a Myſtery: There are others more generally que- *Sect.* 22.

ſtioned and called to the barre, yet me thinkes of an eaſie and poſſible truth. 'Tis ridiculous to put off, or drowne the generall Flood of *Noah*, in that particular inundation of *Deucalion*: that there was a Deluge once, ſeemes not to me ſo great a miracle, as that there is not one alwayes. How all the kinds of Creatures, not onely in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and ſuſtenance, might be preſerved in one Ark, and within the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reaſon that rightly examines it, will appeare very feaſible. There is another ſecret, not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and put the honeſt Father to the refuge of a Miracle; and that is, not onely how the diſtinct pieces of the world, and divided Ilands ſhould bee firſt planted by men, but inhabited by Tigers, Panthers, and Beares. How *America* abounded with beaſts of prey, and noxious Animals, yet contained not in it that neceſſary creature, a Horſe, is very ſtrange. By what paſſage thoſe, not onely Birds, but dangerous and unwel-

come

come Beasts came over: How there bee Creatures there, (which are not found in this Triple Continent;) all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one Arke, and that the creatures began their progresse from the mountaines of *Ararat*. They who to salve this would make the Deluge particular, proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant; not onely upon the negative of holy Scriptures, but of mine owne reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of *Noah*, as in ours, and fifteene hundred yeares to people the world, as full a time for them as foure thousand yeeres since have been to us. There are other assertions and common tenents drawne from Scripture, and generally beleeved as Scripture, whereunto, notwithstanding, I would never betray the liberty of my reason. 'Tis a Paradoxe to me, that *Methusalem* was the longest liv'd of all the children of *Adam*, and no man will be able to prove it; when from the processe of the Text, I can manifest it may be other-

wiſe. That *Judas* periſhed by hanging himſelfe, there is no certainty in Scripture, though in one place it ſeemes to affirme it, and by a doubtfull word hath given occaſion to tranſlate it; yet in another place, in a more punctuall deſcription, it makes it improbable, and ſeemes to overthrow it. That our Fathers, after the Flood, erected the Tower of *Babel*, to preſerve themſelves againſt a ſecond Deluge, is generally opinioned and beleeved; yet is there another intention of theirs expreſſed in Scripture: Beſides, it is improbable from the circumſtance of the place, that is, a plaine in the Land of *Shinar*. Theſe are no points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free diſpute. There are yet others, and thoſe familiarly concluded from the Text, wherein (under favour) I ſee no conſequence. The Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that anſwer when *Peter* knockt at the doore, *'Tis not he, but his Angel*; that is, might ſome ſay, his Meſſenger, or ſome body from him; for ſo the originall ſignifies, and is as likely to be the doubtfull

Fami-

Families meaning. This expoſition I once ſuggeſted to a young Divine, that anſwered upon this point, to which I remember the *Franciſcan* Opponent replyed no more, but, That it was a new and no authentick interpretation.

Theſe are but the concluſions, and fallible diſcourſes of man upon the word of God, for ſuch I doe beleeve the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not chooſe but ſay, it was the ſingulareſt, and ſuperlative piece that hath been extant ſince the Creation; were I a Pagan, I ſhould not refraine the Lecture of it; and cannot but commend the judgement of *Ptolomy*, that thought not his Library compleate without it: the Alcoran of the Turks (I ſpeak without prejudice) is an ill compoſed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errours in Philoſophy, impoſſibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophiſmes, the Policy of Ignorance, depoſition of Univerſities, and baniſhment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by Armes and violence; This without a blow hath *Sect.* 23.

disseminated it selfe through the whole earth. It is not unremarkeable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand yeares without the least alteration; whereas, we see, the Lawes of other Commonweales do alter with occasions; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity to have vanished without trace or memory. I beleeve, besides *Zoroaster*, there were divers that writ before *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Workes have an age like themselves; and though they outlive their Authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration: This onely is a worke too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confesse their ashes.

Sect. 24. I have heard some with deepe sighs lament the lost lines of *Cicero*; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the Library of *Alexandria*; for my owne part, I thinke there be too many in the world, and could with patience

tience behold the urne and ashes of the *Vatican*, could I with a few others recover the perished leaves of *Solomon*. I would not omit a Copy of *Enochs* Pillars, had they many nearer Authors than *Iosephus*, or did not relish somewhat of the Fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken; * *Pineda* quotes more Authors in one worke, than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in *Germany*, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and 'tis disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. 'Tis not a melancholy *Utinam* of mine owne, but the desires of better heads, that there were a generall Synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of Religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first in a few and solid Authors; and to condemne to the fire those swarms and millions of *Rhapsodies* begotten onely to distract and abuse the weaker judgements of Scholars, and to maintaine the Trade and Mystery of Typographers.

* *Pineda* in his *Monarchia Ecclesiastica* quotes one thousand and forty Authors.

Sect. 25. I cannot but wonder with what exceptions the *Samaritans* could confine their beliefe to the *Pentateuch*, or five Books of *Moſes*. I am aſhamed at the Rabbinicall Interpretation of the Jewes, upon the Old Teſtament, as much as their defection from the New: and truely it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible and degenerate iſſue of *Iacob*, once ſo devoted to Ethnick Superſtition, and ſo eaſily ſeduced to the Idolatry of their Neighbours, ſhould now in ſuch an obſtinate and peremptory beliefe adhere unto their owne Doctrine, expect impoſſibilities, and in the face and eye of the Church perſiſt without the leaſt hope of converſion: this is a vice in them, that were a vertue in us; for obſtinacy in a bad cauſe, is but conſtancy in a good. And herein I muſt accuſe thoſe of my owne Religion; for there is not any of ſuch a frugitive faith, ſuch an unſtable beliefe, as a Chriſtian; none that do ſo oft transforme themſelves, not unto ſeverall ſhapes of Chriſtianity and of the ſame Species, but unto more unnaturall and contrary formes, of Jew and Maho-

Mahometan, that from the name of Saviour can condeſcend to the bare terme of Prophet; and from an old beliefe that he is come, fall to a new expectation of his comming: It is the promiſe of Chriſt to make us all one flock; but how and when this union ſhall be, is as obſcure to me as the laſt day. Of thoſe foure members of Religion wee hold a ſlender proportion; there are I confeſſe ſome new additions, yet ſmall to thoſe which accrew to our adverſaries, and thoſe onely drawne from the revolt of Pagans, men but of negative impieties, and ſuch as deny Chriſt, but becauſe they never heard of him: But the Religion of the Jew is expreſly againſt the Chriſtian, and the Mahometan againſt both; for the Turke, in the bulke he now ſtands, he is beyond all hope of converſion; if he fall aſunder, there may be conceived hopes, but not without ſtrong improbabilities. The Jew is obſtinate in all fortunes; the perſecution of fifteene hundred yeares hath but confirmed them in their errour: they have already endured whatſoever may

be

be inflicted, and have ſuffered, in a bad cauſe, even to the condemnation of their enemies, Perſecution is a bad and indirect way to plant Religion; It hath beene the unhappy method of angry devotions, not onely to confirme honeſt Religion, but wicked Hereſies, and extravagant opinions. It was the firſt ſtone and Baſis of our Faith, none can more juſtly boaſt of perſecutions, and glory in the number and valour of Martyrs; For, to ſpeake properly, thoſe are true and almoſt onely examples of fortitude: Thoſe that are fetch'd from the field, or drawne from the actions of the Campe, are not oft-times ſo truely precedents of valour as audacity, and at the beſt attaine but to ſome baſtard piece of fortitude: If we ſhall ſtrictly examine the circumſtances aed requiſites which *Ariſtotle* requires to true and perfect valour, wee ſhall finde the name onely in his Maſter *Alexander*, and as little in that Romane Worthy, *Iulius Cæſar*; and if any, in that eaſie and active way, have done ſo nobly as to deſerve that name, yet in the paſſive and more terri-

terrible piece theſe have ſurpaſſed, and in a more heroicall way may claime the honour of that Title. 'Tis not in the power of every honeſt faith to proceed thus farre, or paſſe to Heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in that full meaſure, nor in ſo audacious and reſolute a temper, as to endure thoſe terrible teſts and trialls, who notwithſtanding in a peaceable way doe truely adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Now as all that die in the warre are not termed Souldiers, ſo neither can I properly terme all thoſe that ſuffer in matters of Religion Martyrs. The Councell of *Conſtance* condemnes *Iohn Huſſe* for an Heretick, the Stories of his owne party ſtile him a Martyr; He muſt needs offend the Divinity of both, that ſayes he was neither the one nor the other: There are many (queſtionleſſe) canonized on earth, that ſhall never be Saints in Heaven; and have their names in Hiſtories and Martyrologies, who in the eyes of God are not ſo perfect Mar- *Sect.* 26.

tyrs

tyrs, as was that wiſe Heathen *Socrates*, that ſuffered on a fundamentall point of Religion, the Unity of God. I have often pityed the miſerable Biſhop that ſuffered in the cauſe of *Antipodes*, yet cannot chooſe but accuſe him of as much madneſſe, for expoſing his living on ſuch a trifle, as thoſe of ignorance and folly that condemned him. I thinke my conſcience will not give me the lie, if I ſay, there are not many extant that in a noble way feare the face of death leſſe than my ſelfe, yet from the morall duty I owe to the Commandement of God, and the naturall reſpects that I tender unto the conſervation of my eſſence and being, I would not periſh upon a Ceremony, Politick points, or indifferency: nor is my beleefe of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obſtacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifeſt impieties: The leaven therefore and ferment of all, not only Civill, but Religious actions, is wiſedome; without which, to commit our ſelves to the flames, is Homicide, and (I feare) but to paſſe through one fire into another. That

That Miracles are ceaſed, I can neither prove, nor abſolutely deny, much leſſe define the time and period of their ceſſation; that they ſurvived Chriſt, is manifeſt upon the record of Scripture; that they out-lived the Apoſtles alſo, & were revived at the converſion of Nations, many yeares after, we cannot deny, if wee ſhall not queſtion thoſe Writers whoſe teſtimonies we doe not controvert, in points that make for our own opinions; therefore that may have ſome truth in it that is reported by the Jeſuites of their Miracles in the Indies; I could wiſh it were true, or had any other teſtimony then their owne Pennes: they may eaſily beleeve thoſe Miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home; the tranſmutation of thoſe viſible elements into the body and blood of our Saviour: for the converſion of water into wine, which he wrought in *Cana*, or what the Devill would have had him done in the Wilderneſſe, of ſtones into Bread, compared to this, will ſcarce deſerve the name of a Miracle: Though indeed, to ſpeake properly, *Sect.* 27.

there

there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as easie as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not only to produce effects against, or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a Miracle, as to contradict or transcend her. Wee doe too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God can doe all things, how hee should work contradictions I do not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angel of God should question *Esdras* to recall the time past, if it were beyond his owne power; or that God should pose mortality in that, which he was not able to performe himselfe. I will not say God cannot, but hee will not performe many things, which wee plainely affirme he cannot: this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein notwithstanding I hold no Paradox. For strictly his power is the same with his will, and they both with

all

all the reſt doe make but one God.

Therefore that Miracles have been I doe beleeve, that they may yet bee wrought by the living I doe not deny: but have no confidence in thoſe which are fathered on the dead; and this hath ever made me ſuſpect the efficacy of reliques, to examine the bones, queſtion the habits and appertinencies of Saints, and even of Chriſt himſelfe: I cannot conceive why the Croſſe that *Helena* found, and whereon Chriſt himſelfe died, ſhould have power to reſtore others unto life: I excuſe not *Conſtantine* from a fall off his Horſe, or a miſchiefe from his enemies, upon the wearing thoſe nayles on his bridle, which our Saviour bore upon the Croſſe in his hands: I compute among your *Piæ fraudes*, nor many degrees before conſecrated ſwords and roſes, that which *Baldwyn* King of Jeruſalem returned the *Genoveſe* for their coſt and paines in his War, to wit, the aſhes of *Iohn* the Baptiſt. Thoſe that hold the ſanctity of their ſoules doth leave behinde a tincture and ſacred faculty on their bodies, ſpeake naturally *Sect.* 28.

rally or Miracles, and doe not ſalve the doubt. Now one reaſon I tender ſo little devotion unto reliques is, I think, the ſlender and doubtfull reſpect I have alwayes held unto Antiquities: for that indeed which I admire is farre before antiquity, that is, Eternity, and that is God himſelfe; who though he be ſtiled the Antient of dayes, cannot receive the adjunct of antiquity, who was before the World, and ſhall be after it, yet is not older than it; for in his yeares there is no Climacter, his duration is eternity, and farre more venerable then antiquity.

Sect. 29. But above all things I wonder how the curioſity of wiſer heads could paſſe that great and indiſputable miracle, the ceſſation of Oracles; and in what ſwoun their reaſons lay, to content themſelves and ſit downe with ſuch far-fetch't and ridiculous reaſons as *Plutarch* alleadgeth for it. The Jewes that can beleeve the ſupernaturall ſolſtice of the Sunne in the dayes of *Joſhua*, have yet the impudence to deny the Eclipſe, which every Pagan confeſſed at his death: but for this, it is evident

evident beyond all contradiction, * the Devil himselfe confessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity, to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seek to confirme the Chronicle of *Hester* or *Daniel*, by the authority of *Magasthenes* or *Herodotus*. I confesse I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed my selfe out of it with a piece of *Iustine*, where he delivers that the children of *Israel* for being scabbed were banished out of Egypt. And truly since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes, & deceitful vizzards times present represent on the stage things past; I doe beleeve them little more then things to come. Some have been of my opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their owne lives; wherein *Moses* hath outgone them all, and left not onely the story of his life, but as some will have it, of his death also.

* In his Oracle to *Augustus*.

It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtful conceit of Spirits & witch- *Sect.* 30.

es; how ſo many learned heads ſhould ſo farre forget their Metaphyſicks, and deſtroy the ladder and ſcale of creatures, as to queſtion the exiſtence of Spirits: for my part, I have ever beleeved, and doe now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of theſe, doe not onely deny them, but ſpirits; and are obliquely and upon conſequence a ſort not of Infidels, but Atheiſts. Thoſe that to confute their incredulity deſire to ſee apparitions, ſhall queſtionleſſe never behold any, nor have the power to be ſo much as Witches, the Devill hath them already in a hereſie as capitall as Witchcraft, and to appeare to them, were but to convert them: Of all the deluſions wherewith he deceives mortalitie, there is not any that puzleth me more than the Legerdemain of *Changelings*; I doe not credit thoſe transformations of reaſonable creatures into beaſts, or that the Devill hath a power to tranſpeciate a man into a horſe, who tempted Chriſt (as a triall of his Divinitie) to convert but ſtones into bread. I could beleeve that Spirits uſe with man

the

the act of carnality, and that in both ſexes; I conceive they may aſſume, ſteale, or contrive a body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit luſt, or paſſion to ſatisfie more active veneries; yet in both, without a poſſibility of generation: and therefore that opinion, that Antichriſt ſhould be borne of the Tribe of *Dan* by conjunction with the Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for a Rabbin then a Chriſtian. I hold that the Devill doth really poſſeſſe ſome men, the ſpirit of melancholy others, the ſpirit of deluſion others; that as the Devill is concealed and denyed by ſome, ſo God and good Angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the Maid of Germany hath left a pregnant example.

Againe, I beleeve that all that uſe ſorceries, incantations, and ſpels, are not Witches, or as we terme them, Magicians; I conceive there is a traditionall Magicke, not learned immediately from the Devill, but at ſecond hand from his Scholars; who having once *Sect.* 31.

the ſecret betrayed, are able, and doe empirically practiſe without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: where actives aptly conjoyned to diſpoſed paſſives, will under any Maſter produce their effects. Thus I thinke at firſt a great part of Philoſophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to one another, proved but Philoſophy, and was indeed no more but the honeſt effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philoſophy, learned from him is Magicke. We doe ſurely owe the diſcovery of many ſecrets to the diſcovery of good and bad Angels. I could never paſſe that ſentence of *Paracelſus* without an aſterisk or annotation; * *Aſcendens conſtellatum multa revelat, quærentibus magnalia naturæ*, i.e. *opera Dei*. I doe thinke that many myſteries aſcribed to our owne inventions, have beene the courteous revelations of Spirits; for thoſe noble eſſences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow nature on earth; and therefore beleeve that thoſe many prodigies and ominous

*Thereby is meant our good Angel appointed us from our nativity.

ominous prognosticks which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more careleſſe enquiries terme but the effects of chance and nature.

Now beſides theſe particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an univerſall and common Spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of *Plato*, and it is yet of the *Hermeticall* Philoſophers; if there be a common nature that unites and tyes the ſcattered and divided individuals into one ſpecies, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am ſure there is a common Spirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and ſcintillation of that noble and mighty Eſſence, which is the life and radicall heat of ſpirits, and thoſe eſſences that know not the vertue of the Sunne, a fire quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is that gentle heate that brooded on the waters, and in ſix dayes hatched the world; this is that *Sect.* 32.

irradiation that diſpell the miſts of Hell, the clouds of horrour, feare, ſorrow, deſpaire; and preſerves the region of the mind in ſerenity: whoſoever feels not the warme gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit, (though I feele his pulſe) I dare not ſay he lives; for truely without this, to mee there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the Sunne.

As when the labouring Sun hath wrought his track,
Up to the top of lofty Cancers *back,*
The icie Ocean cracks, the frozen pole
Thawes with the heate of the Celeſtiall coale;
So when thy abſent beames begin t'impart
Againe a Solſtice on my frozen heart,
My winters ov'r, my drooping ſpirits ſing,
And every part revives into a Spring.
But if thy quickning beames a while decline,
And with their light bleſſe not this Orbe of mine,
A chilly froſt ſurprizeth every member,
And in the midſt of June I ſcele December.
O how this earthly temper doth debaſe
The noble ſoule, in this her humble place.
Whoſe wingy nature ever doth aſpire,
To reach that place whence firſt it tooke its fire.
Theſe flames I feele, which in my heart doe dwell,
Are not thy beames, but take their fire from Hell:

O quench them all, and let thy light divine
Be as the Sunne to this poore Orbe of mine.
And to thy sacred Spirit convert those fires,
Whose earthly fumes choak my devout aspires.

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily beleeve, that not onely whole Countries, but particular persons have their Tutelary, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new opinion of the Church of *Rome*, but an old one of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*; there is no heresie in it, and if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet is it an opinion of a good and wholsome use in the course and actions of a mans life, and would serve as an *Hypothesis* to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no solution: now if you demand my opinion and Metaphysicks of their natures, I confesse them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God; or in a comparative, between our selves and fellow creatures; for there is in this Universe a Staire, or manifest Scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in confusion, but with a comely me- Sect. 33.

thod and proportion: betweene creatures of meere exiſtence and things of life, there is a large diſproportion of nature; betweene plants and animals or creatures of ſenſe, a wider difference; betweene them and man, a farre greater: and if the proportion hold one, betweene Man and Angels there ſhould be yet a greater. We doe not comprehend their natures, who retaine the firſt definition of *Porphyry*, and diſtinguiſh them from our ſelves by immortality; for before his fall, man alſo was immortall; yet muſt we needs affirme that he had a different eſſence from the Angels: having therefore no certaine knowledge of their natures, 'tis no bad method of the Schooles, whatſoever perfection we finde obſcurely in our ſelves, in a more compleat and abſolute way to aſcribe unto them. I beleeve they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the firſt motion of their reaſon doe what we cannot without ſtudy or deliberation; that they know things by their formes, and define by ſpecificall difference, what we deſcribe by accidents and properties;

and

and therefore probabilities to us may bee demonſtrations unto them; that they have knowledge not onely of the ſpecificall, but numericall formes of individualls, and underſtand by what reſerved difference each ſingle *Hypoſtaſis*, (beſides the relation to its ſpecies) becomes its numericall ſelfe. That as the Soule hath a power to move the body it informes, ſo there's a faculty to move any, though informe none; ours upon reſtraint of time, place, and diſtance, but that inviſible hand that conveyed *Habakkuk* to the Lions Denne, or *Philip* to *Azotus*, infringeth this rule, and hath a ſecret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted; if they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby as in reflexion they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that to refute the Invocation of Saints, have denyed that they have any knowledge of our affaires below, have proceeded too farre, and muſt pardon my opinion, till I can throughly anſwer that piece of Scripture, *At the converſion*

of,

of a ſinner the Angels of Heaven rejoyce. I cannot with thoſe in that great Father ſecurely interpret the work of the firſt day, *Fiat lux*, to the creation of angels, though (I confeſſe) there is not any creature that hath ſo neere a glympſe of their nature, as light in the Sunne and Elements; we ſtile it a bare accident, but where it ſubſiſts alone, 'tis a ſpirituall Subſtance, and may bee an Angel: in briefe, conceive light inviſible, and that is a Spirit.

Sect. 34. Theſe are certainely the Magiſteriall & maſter pieces of the Creator, the Flower or (as we may ſay) the beſt part of nothing, actually exiſting, what we are but in hopes, and probabilitie, we are onely that amphibious piece between a corporall and ſpirituall eſſence, that middle forme that linkes thoſe two together, and makes good the method of God and Nature, that jumps not from extreames, but unites the incompatible diſtances by ſome middle and participating natures; that we are the breath and ſimilitude of God, it is indiſputable, and upon record of holy Scrip-

Scripture, but to call our ſelves a Microcoſome, or little world, I thought it onely a pleaſant trope of Rhetorick, till my neere judgement and ſecond thoughts told me there was a reall truth therein: for firſt we are a rude maſſe, and in the ranke of creatures, which only are; and have a dull kinde of being not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to ſenſe or reaſon; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals, the life of men, and at laſt the life of ſpirits, running on in one myſterious nature thoſe five kind of exiſtences, which comprehend the creatures not onely of the world, but of the Univerſe; thus is man that great and true *Amphibium*, whoſe nature is diſpoſed to live not onely like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and diſtinguiſhed worlds; for though there be but one to ſenſe, there are two to reaſon; the one viſible, the other inviſible, whereof *Moſes* ſeemes to have left deſcription, and of the other ſo obſcurely, that ſome parts thereof are yet in controverſie; and truely for the firſt chapters of *Geneſis*, I muſt confeſſe a great deale of obſcurity,

though Divines have to the power of humane reaſon endeavoured to make all goe in a literall meaning; yet thoſe allegoricall interpretations are alſo probable, and perhaps the myſticall method of *Moſes* bred up in the Hieroglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptians.

Sect. 35. Now for that immateriall world, me thinkes wee need not wander ſo farre as the firſt moveable, for even in this materiall fabricke the ſpirits walke as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extreameſt circumference: doe but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or reſolve things beyond their firſt matter, and you diſcover the habitarion of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitary, and omnipreſent eſſence of God, I hope I ſhall not offend Divinity; for before the Creation of the world, God was really all things. For the Angels hee created no new World, or determinate manſion, and therefore they are every where where is his eſſence; and doe live at a diſtance even in himſelfe: that God made all things

for

for man; is in some sense true, yet not so farre as to subordinate the Creation of those purer Creatures unto ours, though as ministring Spirits they doe, and are willing to fulfill the will of God in these lower and sublunary affaires of man: God made all things for himselfe, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end than his owne glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himselfe; for honour being an externall adjunct, and in the honourer rather than in the person honoured, it was necessary to make a Creature, from whom hee might receive this homage, and that is in the other world Angels, in this, Man; which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our Creation, and may justly provoke God, not onely to repent that hee hath made the World, but that hee hath sworne he would not destroy it. That there is but one world, is a conclusion of faith. *Aristotle* with all his Philosophy hath not been able to prove it, and as weakly that the world was eternall; that dispute much troubled the penne of the anci-

antient Philoſophers, but *Moſes* decided that queſtion, and all is ſalved with the new terme of a creation, that is, a production of ſomething out of nothing; and what is that? Whatſoever is oppoſite to ſomething, or more exactly, that which is truely contrary unto God: for he onely is, all others have an exiſtence, with dependency, and are ſomething but by a diſtinction; and herein is Divinity conformant unto Philoſophy, and generation not onely founded on contrarieties, but alſo creation; God being all things is contrary unto nothing out of which were made all things, and ſo nothing became ſomething, and *Omneity* informed *Nullity* into an eſſence.

Sect. 35. The whole Ceation is a myſtery, and particularly that of man; at the blaſt of his mouth were the reſt of the creatures made, and at his bare word they ſtarted out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text deſcribes it) he played the ſenſible operator, and ſeemed not ſo much to create, as make him; when he had ſeparated the materials of other creatures, there conſequently

quently reſulted a forme and ſoule, but having raiſed the wals of man, he was driven to a ſecond and harder creation of a ſubſtance like himſelfe, an incorruptible and immortall ſoule. For theſe two affections we have the Philoſophy, and opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a negative from *Ariſtotle:* there is another ſcruple caſt in by Divinity (concerning its production) much diſputed in the *Germane* auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controverſie undetermined. I am not of *Paracelſus* minde that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny traduction, having no other argument to confirme their beleefe, then that Rhetoricall ſentence, and *Antimetatheſis* of *Auguſtine, Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur:* either opinion will conſiſt well enough with religion, yet I ſhould rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from ſpeculations and ſubtilties, but

from

from common ſenſe, and obſervation, not pickt from the leaves of any author, but bred amongſt the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a concluſion from the equivocall and monſtrous productions in the copulation of man with beaſt; for if the ſoule of man bee not tranſmitted and transfuſed in the ſeed of the Parents, why are not thoſe productions meerely beaſts, but have alſo an impreſſion and tincture of reaſon in as high a meaſure, as it can evidence it ſelfe in thoſe improper organs? Nor truely can I peremptorily deny, that the ſoule in this her ſublunary eſtate, is wholly and in all acceptions inorganicall, but that for the performance of her ordinary actions, is required not onely a ſymmetry and proper diſpoſition of Organs, but a Craſis and temper correſpondent to its operations, yet is not this maſſe of fleſh and viſible ſtructure the inſtrument and proper corps of the ſoule, but rather of ſenſe, and that the hand of reaſon. In our ſtudy of Anatomy there

is

is a maſſe of myſterious Philoſophy, and ſuch as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongſt all thoſe rare diſcoveries, and curious pieces I finde in the fabrick of man, I doe not ſo much content my ſelfe, as in that I finde not, there is no Organ or inſtrument for the rationall ſoule; for in the brain, which we tearme the ſeat of reaſon, there is not any thing of moment more than I can diſcover in the crany of a beaſt: and this is a ſenſible and no inconſiderable argument of the inorganity of the ſoule, at leaſt in that ſenſe we uſually ſo receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there is ſomething in us, that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is ſtrange that it hath no hiſtory, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

Now for theſe wals of fleſh, where- Sect. 36.
in the ſoule doth ſeeme to be immured before the Reſurrection, it is nothing but an elementall compoſition, and a fabrick that muſt fall to aſhes; *All fleſh is graſſe*, is not only metapho-

rically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold, are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhorre, *Anthropophagi* and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves, and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this masse of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths: this frame wee looke upon, hath been upon our trenchers; In briefe, we have devoured our selves. I cannot beleeve the wisdome of *Pythagoras* did ever positively, and in a literall sense, affirme his *Metempsychosis*, or impossible transmigration of the soules of men into beasts: of all Metamorphoses, or transmigrations, I beleeve onely one, that is of *Lots* wife, for that of *Nebuchodonosor* proceeded not so farre; In all others I conceive there is no further verity than is contained in their implicite sense and morality: I beleeve that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death,

as

as before it was materialled unto life; that the ſoules of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they ſubſiſt beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the ſoules of the faithfull, as they leave earth, take poſſeſſion of Heaven: that thoſe apparitions, and ghoſts of departed perſons are not the wandring ſoules of men, but the unquiet walkes of Devils, prompting and ſuggeſting us unto miſchief, bloud, and villany, inſtilling, and ſtealing into our hearts; that the bleſſed ſpirits are not at reſt in their graves, but wander ſolicitous of the affaires of the world; but that thoſe phantaſmes appear often, and do frequent Cemiteries, charnall houſes, and Churches, it is becauſe thoſe are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devill like an inſolent Champion beholds with pride the ſpoyles and Trophies of his Victory in *Adam*.

This is that diſmall conqueſt we all deplore, that makes us ſo often cry (O) *Adam quid feciſti?* I thank God I Sect. 37.

have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of death: Not that I am insensible of the dread and horrour thereof, or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continuall sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, *I* am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of Mortality, but that marshalling all the horrours, and contemplating the extremities thereof, *I* find not any thing therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much lesse a well resolved Christian. And therefore am not angry at the errour of our first Parents, or unwilling to beare a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breath, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When *I* take a full view and circle of my selfe, without this reasonable moderator, and equall piece of justice, Death, *I* doe conceive my selfe the misera-

ſerableſt perſon extant; were there not another life that *I* hope for, all the vanities of this world ſhould not intreat a moments breath from me; could the Devill worke my beliefe to imagine *I* could ever die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have ſo abject a conceit of this common way of exiſtence, this retaining to the Sunne and Elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity; in expectation of a better I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my beſt meditations doe often defie death; I honour any man that contemnes it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it; this makes mee naturally love a Souldier, and honour thoſe tattered and contemptible Regiments, that will die at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may be ſome motives to be in love with life, but for a Chriſtian to be amazed at death, I ſee not how he can eſcape this Dilemma, that he is too ſenſible of this life, or hopeleſſe of the life to come.

Sect. 38. Some Divines count *Adam* 30. yeares old at his creation, becauſe they ſuppoſe him created in the perfect age and ſtature of man; and ſurely we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is ſome months elder than hee bethinkes him; for we live, move, have a being, and are ſubject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diſeaſes in that other world, the trueſt Microcoſme, the wombe of our mother; for beſides that generall and common exiſtence we are conceived to hold in our Chaos, and whilſt we ſleep within the boſome of our cauſes, we enjoy a being and life in three diſtinct worlds, wherein we receive moſt manifeſt graduations: In that obſcure world and womb of our mother, our time is ſhort, computed by the Moon: yet longer then the dayes of many creatures that behold the Sunne, our ſelves being not yet without life, ſenſe, and reaſon, though for the manifeſtation of its actions, it awaites the opportunity of objects; and ſeems to live there but in its roote and ſoule of vegetation:

entring

entring afterwards upon the ſcene of the world, wee ariſe up and become another creature, performing the reaſonable actions of man, and obſcurely manifeſting that part of Divinity in us, but not in complement and perfection, till we have once more caſt our ſecondine, that is, this ſlough of fleſh, and are delivered into the laſt world, that is, that ineffable place of *Paul*, that proper *ubi* of ſpirits. The ſmattering I have of the Philoſophers Stone (which is ſomething more then the perfect exaltation of Gold) hath taught me a great deale of Divinity, and inſtructed my beliefe; how that immortall ſpirit, and incorruptible ſubſtance of my Soule may lye obſcure, and ſleepe a while within this houſe of fleſh. Thoſe ſtrange and myſticall tranſmigrations that I have obſerved in Silkewormes, turned my Philoſophy into Divinity. There is in theſe workes of nature, which ſeeme to puzle reaſon, ſomething Divine, and hath more in it then the eye of a common ſpectator doth diſcover.

I am naturally baſhfull, nor hath con- Sect. 39.

verſation, age or travell, beene able to effront, or enharden me, yet I have one part of modeſty, which I have ſeldome diſcovered in another, that is, (to ſpeake truly) I am not ſo much afraid of death, as aſhamed thereof; tis the very diſgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can ſo disfigure us, that our neareſt friends, Wife, and Children ſtand afraid and ſtart at us. The Birds and beaſts of the field that before in a naturall feare obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempeſt diſpoſed and left me willing to be ſwallowed up in the abyſſe of waters; wherein I had periſhed, unſeene, unpityed, without wondering eyes, teares of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had ſaid, *Quantum mutatus ab illo*! Not that I am aſhamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuſe nature for playing the bunglar in any part of me, or my owne vitious life for contracting any ſhamefull diſeaſe upon me, whereby I might not call my ſelfe as wholeſome a morſell for the wormes as any.

Some

Some upon the courage of a fruitfull issue, wherein, as in the trueſt Chronicle, they ſeeme to outlive themſelves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit ſubſiſting in our progenies ſeemes to me a meere fallacy, unworthy the deſires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, ſhould deſire to live in his ſubſtance in Heaven rather than his name and ſhadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I meane to take a totall adieu of the world, not caring for a Monument, Hiſtory, or Epitaph, not ſo much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where, but in the univerſall Regiſter of God: I am not yet ſo Cynicall, as to approve the * Teſtament of *Diogenes*, nor doe I altogether follow that *Rodomontado* of *Lucan*;

—Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.
He that unburied lies wants not his herſe,
For unto him a tombe's the Vniverſe.

But commend in my calmer judgement, thoſe ingenuous intentions that deſire to ſleepe by the urnes of their Fathers,

Sect. 40.

* Who willed his friend not to bury him, but hang him up with a ſtaffe in his hand to fright away the Crowes.

thers, and ſtrive to goe the neareſt way unto corruption. I doe not envy the temper of Crowes and Dawes, nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers before the Flood. If there bee any truth in Aſtrology, I may out live a Jubilee, as yet I have not ſeen one revolution of *Saturne*, nor hath my pulſe beat thirty yeares, and yet excepting one, have ſeene the Aſhes, and left under ground, all the Kings of *Europe*, have been contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; mee thinkes I have outlived my ſelfe, and begin to bee weary of the Sunne, I have ſhaked hands with delight in my warme blood and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe anticipate the vices of age, the world to mee is but a dreame, or mockſhow, and wee all therein but Pantalones and Antickes to my ſeverer contemplations.

Sect. 41. It is not, I confeſſe, an unlawfull prayer to deſire to ſurpaſſe the dayes of our Saviour, or wiſh to out-live that age wherein he thought fitteſt to dye, yet if (as Divinity affirmes) there ſhall bee no

no gray haires in Heaven, but all ſhall riſe in the perfect ſtate of men, wee doe but out-live thoſe perfections in this World, to bee recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to bee retrogade hereafter. Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be ſuper-annuated from ſin, it were worthy our knees to implore the dayes of *Methuſelah*. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad diſpoſitions into worſer habits, and (like diſeaſes) brings on incureable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age, wee grow ſtronger in ſinne, and the number of our dayes doth but make our ſinnes innumerable. The ſame vice committed at ſixteene, is not the ſame, though it agree in all other circumſtances, as at forty, but ſwels and doubles from that circumſtance of our ages, wherein, beſides the conſtant and inexcuſeable habit of tranſgreſſing, the maturity of our judgement cuts off pretence unto excuſe or pardon: every ſin the oftner it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evill; as it ſucceeds

ceeds in time, ſo it proceeds in degrees of badneſs, for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in Arithmeticke, the laſt ſtands for more than all that went before it: And though I thinke no man can live well once but hee that could live twice, yet for my owne part, I would not live over my houres paſt, or beginne againe the thred of my dayes: not upon *Cicero's* ground, becauſe I have lived them well, but for feare I ſhould live them worſe: I find my growing Judgement daily inſtruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitioſity makes mee daily doe worſe; I finde in my confirmed age the ſame ſinnes I diſcovered in my youth, I committed many then becauſe I was a child, and becauſe I commit them ſtill I am yet an Infant. Therefore I perceive a man may bee twice a child before the dayes of dotage, and ſtand in need of *Æſons* bath before threeſcore.

Sect. 42. And truely there goes a great deale of providence to produce a mans life unto threeſcore; there is more required than an

an able temper for thoſe yeeres; though the radicall humor containe in it ſufficient oyle for ſeventy, yet I perceive in ſome it gives no light paſt thirty; men aſſigne not all the cauſes of long life that write whole bookes thereof. They that found themſelves on the radicall balſome, or vitall ſulphur of the parts, determine not why *Abel* lived not ſo long as *Adam*. There is therefore a ſecret glome or bottome of our dayes; 'twas his wiſedome to determine them, but his perpetuall and waking providence that fulfills and accompliſheth them, wherein the ſpirits, our ſelves, and all the creatures of God in a ſecret and diſputed way doe execute his will. Let them not therefore complaine of immaturity that dye about thirty, they fall but like the whole world, whoſe ſolid and well compoſed ſubſtance muſt not expect the duration and period of its conſtitution, when all things are compleated in it, its age is accompliſhed, and the laſt and generall feaver may as naturally deſtroy it before ſix thouſand, as me before forty; there is therefore

ſome

ſome other hand that twines the thread of life than that of Nature; we are not onely ignorant in Antipathies and occult qualities, our ends are as obſcure as our beginnings, the line of our dayes is drawne by night, and the various effects therein by a pencill that is inviſible; wherein though wee confeſſe our ignorance, I am ſure wee doe not erre, if we ſay it is the hand of God.

Sect. 43. I am much taken with two verſes of *Lucan*, ſince I have been able not onely as we do at Schoole, to conſtrue, but underſtand:

Victuroſque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix eſſe mori.
We're all deluded, vainely ſearching waies,
To make us happy by the length of dayes;
For cunningly too make's protract this breath,
The Gods conceal the happineſſe of Death.

There be many excellent ſtraines in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall Genius hath liberally ſupplyed him; and truely there are ſingular pieces in the Philoſophy of *Zeno*, and doctrine of the Stoickes: which I perceive, delivered in a Pulpit, paſſe for currant Divinity: yet herein are they in extreams, that can allow

low a man to be his owne *Aſſaſsine*, and ſo highly extoll the end and ſuicide of *Cato*; this is indeed not to feare death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemne death, but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the trueſt valour to dare to live; and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of *Curtius*, *Scevola*, or *Codrus*, doe not parallel or match that one of *Job*; and ſure there is no torture to the racke of a diſeaſe, nor any Poynyards in death it ſelfe, like thoſe in the way or prologue to it. *Emori nolo, ſed me eſſe mortuum nihil curo*, I would not dye, but care not to be dead. Were I of *Ceſars* Religion, I ſhould be of his deſires, and wiſh rather to goe off at one blow, then to be ſawed in pieces by the grating torture of a diſeaſe. Men that looke no further than their outſides thinke health an appertinance unto life, and quarrell with their conſtitutions for being ſick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabrick hangs, doe

won-

wonder that we are not alwaies ſo; and conſidering the thouſand dores that lead to death, doe thank my God that wee can die but once. 'Tis not onely the miſchiefe of diſeaſes, and the villany of poyſons, that make an end of us; we vainly accuſe the fury of Gunnes, and the new inventions of death; it is in the power of every hand to deſtroy us, and we are beholding unto every one wee meete, hee doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakeſt arme to take away life, it is not in the ſtrongeſt to deprive us of death: God would not exempt himſelfe from that, the miſery of immortality in the fleſh, he undertook not that was in it immortall. Certainly there is no happineſſe without this circle of fleſh, nor is it in the Opticks of theſe eyes to behold felicity; the firſt day of our Jubilee is death; the Devill hath therefore failed of his deſires; we are happier with death than we ſhould have been without it: there is no miſery but in himſelfe where there is no end of miſery; and ſo indeed

indeed in his own ſenſe, the Stoick is in the right. Hee forgets that he can die who complaines of miſery, wee are in the power of no calamity while death is in our owne.

Now beſides this literall and poſi- Sect. 44.
tive kind of death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and thoſe I thinke, not meerely Metaphorically, as mortification, dying unto ſin and the World; therefore, I ſay, every man hath a double Horoſcope, one of his humanity, his birth; another of his Chriſtianity, his baptiſme, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nativity, not reckoning thoſe *Horæ combuſtæ* and odde dayes, or eſteeming my ſelfe any thing, before I was my Saviours, and inrolled in the Regiſter of Chriſt: Whoſoever enjoyes not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he weare about him the ſenſible affections of fleſh. In theſe morall acceptions, the way to bee immortall is to die dayly; nor can I thinke I have the true Theory of death, when I contem-

plate a skull, or behold a Skeleton with thoſe vulgar imaginations it caſts upon us; I have therefore inlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Chriſtian memorandum, *Memento quatuor Noviſſima*, thoſe foure inevitable points of us all, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hell. Neither did the contemplations of the Heathens reſt in their graves, without a further thought of *Radamanth* or ſome Judiciall proceeding after death, though in another way, and upon ſuggeſtion of their naturall reaſons. I cannot but marvaile from what *Sibyll* or Oracle they ſtole the propheſie of the worlds deſtruction by fire, or whence *Lucan* learned to ſay,

Communis mundo ſupereſt rogus, oſſibus aſtra Miſturus. ——

There yet remains toth' world one common fire,
Wherein our bones with ſtars ſhall make one pyre.

I beleeve the World growes neare its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever periſh upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation

ation was above nature, ſo its adverſary, annihilation; without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now what force ſhould bee able to conſume it thus farre, without the breath of God, which is the trueſt conſuming flame, my Philoſophy cannot informe me. Some beleeve there went not a minute to the worlds creation, nor ſhall there go to its deſtruction, thoſe ſix dayes ſo punctually deſcribed, make not to them one moment, but rather ſeem to manifeſt the method and Idea of the great work of the intellect of God, than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dreame that there ſhould be at the laſt day any ſuch Judiciall proceeding, or calling to the Barre, as indeed the Scripture ſeemes to imply, and the literall Commentators do conceive: for unſpeakable myſteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illuſtrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truely are, but as they may bee underſtood; wherein notwithſtanding the different interpretations accor-

ding to different capacities may ſtand firme with our devotion, nor be any way prejudiciall to each ſingle edification.

Sect. 45. Now to determine the day and yeare of this inevitable time, is not onely convincible and ſtatute madneſſe, but alſo manifeſt impiety; how ſhall we interpret *Elias* 6000. yeares, or imagine the ſecret communicated to a Rabbi, which God hath denyed unto his Angels? It had beene an excellent quære, to have poſed the devill of *Delphos*, and muſt needs have forced him to ſome ſtrange amphibology; it hath not only mocked the predictions of ſundry Aſtrologers in ages paſt, but the propheſies of many melancholy heads in theſe preſent, who neither underſtanding reaſonably things paſt or preſent, pretend a knowledge of things to come, heads ordained onely to manifeſt the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfill old propheſies, rather than be the authors of new. [In thoſe dayes there ſhall come warres and rumours of warres,] to mee ſeemes no prophecy, but a conſtant truth, in all times verified ſince it was

In thoſe dayes there ſhall come lyers and falſe prophets.

pro-

pronounced: There ſhall be ſignes in the Moone and Starres, how comes he then like a theefe in the night, when he gives an item of his comming? That common ſigne drawne from the revelation of Antichriſt is as obſcure as any; in our common compute he hath beene come theſe many yeares, but for my owne part to ſpeake freely, I am halfe of opinion that Antichriſt is the Philoſophers ſtone in Divinity, for the diſcovery and invention whereof, though there be preſcribed rules, and probable inductions, yet hath hardly any man attained the perfect diſcovery thereof. That generall opinion that the world growes neere its end, hath poſſeſſed all ages paſt as neerely as ours; I am afraid that the Soules that now depart, cannot eſcape that lingring expoſtulation of the Saints under the altar, *Quouſque Domine? How long, O Lord?* and groane in the expectation of that great Jubilee.

This is the day that muſt make good Sect. 46.
that great attribute of God his Juſtice, that muſt reconcile thoſe unanſwerable doubts that torment the wiſeſt under-

ſtandings, and reduce thoſe ſeeming inequalities, and reſpective diſtributions in this world, to an equality and recompenſive Juſtice in the next. This is that one day, that ſhall include and comprehend all that went before it, wherein as in the laſt ſcene, all the Actors muſt enter to compleat and make up the Cataſtrophe of this great peece. This is the day whoſe memory hath onely power to make us honeſt in the darke, and to bee vertuous without a witneſſe. *Ipſa ſui pretium virtus ſibi*, that vertue is her owne reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintaine our variable reſolutions in a conſtant and ſetled way of goodneſſe. I have practiſed that honeſt artifice of *Seneca*, and in my retired and ſolitary imaginations, to detaine mee from the fouleneſſe of vice, have fancied to my ſelfe the preſence of my dear and worthieſt friends, before whom I ſhould loſe my head, rather than be vitious, yet herein I found that there was nought but morall honeſty, and this was not to be vertuous for his ſake who muſt reward us

at

at the laſt. I have tryed if I could reach that great reſolution of his, to be honeſt without a thought of Heaven or Hell; and indeed I found upon a naturall inclination, and inbred loyalty unto vertue, that I could ſerve her without a livery, yet not in that reſolved and venerable way, but that the frailtie of my nature, upon an eaſie temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life therefore and ſpirit of all our actions, is the reſurrection and ſtable apprehenſion, that our aſhes ſhall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all Religion is a Fallacy, and thoſe impieties of *Lucian*, *Euripedes*, and *Iulian* are no blaſphemies, but ſubtle verities, and Atheiſts have beene the onely Philoſophers.

How ſhall the dead ariſe, is no queſti- Sect. 46.
on of my faith; to beleeve onely poſſibilities, is not faith, but meere Philoſophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reaſon, nor confirmable by ſenſe; and many things in Philoſophy confirmable by ſenſe, yet not inducible by reaſon. Thus

it is impoſſible by any ſolid or demonſtrative reaſons to perſwade a man to beleeve the converſion of the Needle to the North; though this be poſſible, and true, and eaſily credible, upon a ſingle experiment unto the ſenſe. I beleeve that our eſtranged and divided aſhes ſhall unite againe, that our ſeparated duſt after ſo many pilgrimages and tranſformations into the parts of Mineralls, Plants, Animals, Elements, ſhall at the voice of God returne into their primitive ſhapes; and joine againe to make up their primary and predeſtinate formes. As at the Creation, there was a ſeparation of that confuſed maſſe into its ſpecies, ſo at the deſtruction thereof there ſhall be a ſeparation into its diſtinct individualls. As at the Creation of the world, all the diſtinct ſpecies that we behold, lay involved in one maſſe, till the fruitfull voice of God ſeparated this united multitude into its ſeverall ſpecies: ſo at the laſt day, when theſe corrupted reliques ſhall be ſcattered in the wilderneſſe of formes, and ſeem to have forgot their proper habits

bits,
comm
ſhape
indiv
tility
ſperm
milli
racle
vivif
tifie
agai
meri
and
tera
tion
who
and
and
beſ
of t
ble
tiv
utt
tak
A
wi
pa

bits, God by a powerfull voice ſhall command them back into their proper ſhapes, and call them out by their ſingle individuals: Then ſhall appear the fertility of *Adam*, and the magick of that ſperme that hath dilated into ſo many millions. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiall reſurrection and revivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified into a thouſand ſhapes, it aſſumes againe its owne, and returnes into its numericall ſelfe. Let us ſpeake naturally, and like Philoſophers, the formes of alterable bodies in theſe ſenſible corruptions periſh not; nor, as wee imagine, wholly quit their manſions, but retire and contract themſelves into their ſecret and unacceſſible parts, where they may beſt protect themſelves from the action of their Antagoniſt. A plant or vegetable conſumed to aſhes, by a contemplative and ſchoole Philoſopher ſeemes utterly deſtroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a ſenſible Artiſt the formes are not periſhed, but withdrawne into their incombuſtible part, where they lye ſecure from the acti-

on

on of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can from the aſhes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its ſtalke and leaves againe. What the Art of man can doe in theſe inferiour pieces, what blaſphemy is it toa ffirm the finger of God cannot doe in theſe more perfect and ſenſible ſtructures? This is that myſticall Philoſophy, from whence no true Scholler becomes an Atheiſt, but from the viſible effects of nature, growes up a reall Divine, and beholds not in a dreame, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular and viſible object the types of his reſurrection.

Sect. 47. Now, the neceſſary Manſions of our reſtored ſelves, are thoſe two contrary and incompatible places wee call Heaven and Hell; to define them, or ſtrictly to determine what and where theſe are, ſurpaſſeth my Divinity. That elegant Apoſtle which ſeemed to have a glimpſe of Heaven, hath left but a negative deſcription thereof; which neither eye hath ſeene, nor eare hath heard, nor can enter into the

the heart of man: he was translated out of himselfe to behold it, but being returned into himselfe could not expresse it. Saint *Iohns* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weake to expresse the materiall Heaven we behold. Briefely therefore, where the soule hath the full measure, and complement of happinesse, where the boundlesse appetite of that spirit remaines compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I thinke is truely Heaven: and this can onely be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodnesse is able to terminate the desires of it selfe, and the unsatiable wishes of ours; whereever God will thus manifest himselfe, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world. Thus the soule of man may be in Heaven any where, even within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remaine in its owne soule, that is its Creator. And thus wee may say that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body,

was

was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyreal, or beyond the tenth Spheare, is to forget the worlds deſtruction; for when this ſenſible world ſhall be deſtroyed, all ſhall then be here as it is now there, an Empyreall Heaven, a *quaſi* vacuitie, when to ask where Heaven is, is to demand where the preſence of God is, or where wee have the glory of that happy viſion. *Moſes* that was bred up in all the learning of the *Egyptians*, committed a groſſe abſurdity in Philoſophy, when with theſe eyes of fleſh he deſired to ſee God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it ſelfe, to a contradiction. Thoſe that imagine Heaven and Hell neighbours, and conceive a vicinity between thoſe two extreames, upon conſequence of the Parable, where *Dives* diſcourſed with *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, doe too groſſely conceive of thoſe glorified creatures, whoſe eyes ſhall eaſily out-ſee the Sunne, and behold without a perſpective the extreameſt diſtances: for if there ſhall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of ſight and reception of objects, I could think the viſible ſpecies there

to

to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuall. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to *Ariſtotles* Philoſophy, could not behold each other, becauſe there wants a body or Medium to hand and tranſport the viſible rayes of the object unto the ſenſe; but when there ſhall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and diſpoſe that Medium, and yet a perfect viſion, wee muſt ſuſpend the rules of our Philoſophy, and make all good by a more abſolute piece of Opticks.

I cannot tell how to ſay that fire is the eſſence of hell; I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, or purifie the ſubſtance of a ſoule; thoſe flames of ſulphure mentioned in the ſcriptures, I take not to be underſtood of this preſent Hell, but of that to come, where fire ſhall make up the complement of our tortures, & have a body or ſubject wherein to manifeſt its tyranny: Some who have had the honour to be textuarie in Divinity, are of opinion it ſhall be the ſame ſpecificall Sect. 48.

fire

fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this materiall world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfullest flames, and though by the action of fire they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would gladly know how *Moses* with an actuall fire calcin'd, or burnt the Golden Calfe unto powder: for that mysticall metall of Gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, growes onely hot and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like Gold, though they suffer from the action of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortall in the armes of fire. And surely if this frame must suffer onely by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not onely Heaven, but earth will not bee at an end, but rather a beginning: For at present it is not earth, but a composition

on of
that
it sha
it self
oned
never
beyo
for th
ment
of a b
of ou
at th
rever
most
we fe
der t
his
is, a
croc
to b
and
shall
the
effer
dila
to th
stan

on of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time ſpoyled of theſe ingredients, it ſhall appeare in a ſubſtance more like it ſelfe, its aſhes. Philoſophers that opinioned the worlds deſtruction by fire, did never dreame of annihilation, which is beyond the power of ſublunary cauſes; for the laſt and proper action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into glaſſe; and therefore ſome of our Chymicks facetiouſly affirm, that at the laſt fire all ſhall be cryſtallized and reverberated into glaſſe, which is the utmoſt action of that element. Nor need we feare this term [annihilation] or wonder that God will deſtroy the workes of his Creation: for man ſubſiſting, who is, and will then truely appeare a Microcoſme, the world cannot be ſaid to be deſtroyed. For the eyes of God and perhaps alſo of our glorified ſelves, ſhall as really behold and contemplate the world in its Epitome or contracted eſſence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated ſubſtance. In the ſeed of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the underſtanding of man, there exiſts, though in

an

an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: (for things that are in *posse* to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding.) Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before.

Sect. 49. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporall afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happinesse consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortall essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the Soule. Surely though wee place Hell under earth, the Devils walke and purlue is about it; men speake too popularly who place it in those flaming mountaines, which to grosser apprehensions represent Hell. The heart of man

man is the place the Devils dwell in; I feele ſometimes a Hell within my ſelfe, *Lucifer* keeps his Court in my breaſt, *Legion* is revived in me. There are as many hels, as *Anaxagoras* conceited worlds; there was more then one hell in *Magdalen*, when there were ſeven devils; for every devill is an hell unto himſelfe; hee holds enough of torture in his owne *ubi*, and needs not the miſery of circumference to afflict him, and thus a diſtracted conſcience here is a ſhadow or introduction unto hell hereafter; Who can but pity the mercifull intention of thoſe hands that doe deſtroy themſelves? the devill, were it in his power, would doe the like, which being impoſſible, his miſeries are endleſſe, and he ſuffers moſt in that attribute wherein he is impaſſible, his immortality.

I thank God that with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the deſcription of that place; I have ſo fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almoſt forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to loſe the joyes of the one than Sect. 50.

endure the misery of the other, to be deprived of them is a perfect Hel, and needs mee thinks no addition to compleat our afflictions; that terrible terme hath never detained me from sinne, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof: I fear God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdome, which hee useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation, a course rather to deterre the wicked, than incite the vertuous to his worship. I can hardly thinke there was ever any scared into Heaven, they goe the faireſt way to Heaven, that would serve God without a Hell; other Mercenaries that crouch unto him in feare of Hell, though they terme themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

Sect. 51. And to be true, and speak my soule, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an

an abyſſe and maſſe of mercies, either in generall to mankinde, or in particular to my ſelfe; and whether out of the prejudice of my affection, or an inverting and partiall conceit of his mercies, I know not, but thoſe which others terme croſſes, afflictions, judgments, misfortunes, to mee who enquire farther into them then their viſible effects, they both appeare, and in event have ever proved the ſecret and diſſembled favours of his affection. It is a ſingular piece of Wiſdome to apprehend truly, and without paſſion the workes of God, and ſo well to diſtinguiſh his Juſtice from his Mercy, as not miſcall thoſe noble attributes; yet it is likewiſe an honeſt piece of Logick ſo to diſpute and argue the proceedings of God, as to diſtinguiſh even his judgments into mercies. For God is mercifull unto all, becauſe better to the worſt, than the beſt deſerve, and to ſay hee puniſheth none in this world, though it be a Paradox, is no abſurdity. To one that hath committed murther, if the Judge ſhould

onely ordaine a Fine, it were a madneſſe to call this a puniſhment, and to repine at the ſentence, rather then admire the clemencie of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall, and deſerving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodneſſe of God be content to traverſe and paſſe them over with a loſſe, misfortune, or diſeaſe; what frenſie were it to terme this a puniſhment, rather than an extremity of mercy, and to groane under the rod of his judgements, rather than admire the Scepter of his mercies? Therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, ſtates, and conditions; and with theſe thoughts, he that knowes them beſt, will not deny that I adore him: That I obtain Heaven, and the bliſſe thereof, is accidentall, and not the intended worke of my devotion, it being a felicity I can neither think to deſerve, nor ſcarce in modeſty to expect. For theſe two ends of us all, either as rewards or puniſhments, are mercifully ordained and diſproportionally diſpoſed unto

our

our actions, the one being so far beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits.

There is no salvation to those that beleeve not in Christ, that is, say some, since his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth, before also; which makes me much apprehend the ends of those honest Worthies and Philosophers which died before his incarnation. It is hard to place those soules in Hell whose worthy lives doe teach us vertue on earth; methinks amongst those many subdivisions of hell, there might have been one Limbo left for these: What a strange vision will it be to see their poeticall fictions converted into verities, and their imagined & fancied Furies, into reall Devils? how strange to them will sound the History of *Adam*, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of? when they derive their genealogy from the Gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinfull man? It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the workes of God, or question the justice of his proceedings Could humility teach others, as Sect. 52.

it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the Creature, or did wee seriously perpend that one Simile of Saint *Paul*, *Shall the Vessell say to the Potter, Why hast thou made me thus?* it would prevent these arrogant disputes of reason, nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either to Heaven or Hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their owne kinde as beasts do in theirs; who justly obey the prescript of their natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demaund a reward of their actions, as onely obeying the naturall dictates of their reason. It will therefore, and must at last appeare, that all salvation is through Christ; which verity I feare these great examples of vertue must confirme, and make it good, how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claime unto Heaven.

Sect. 53. Nor truely doe I thinke the lives of these or of any other were ever correspondent, or in all points conformable unto their doctrines; it is evident that

Aristotle

Ariſtotle tranſgreſſed the rule of his owne Ethicks; the Stoicks that condemne paſſion, and command a man to laugh in *Phalaris* his Bull, could not endure without a groane a fit of the Stone or Colick. The *Scepticks* that affirmed they know nothing, even in that opinion confute themſelves, and thought they knew more then all the World beſide. *Diogenes* I hold to be the moſt vain-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refuſing all honours, than *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devill put a fallacie upon our reaſons, and provoking us too haſtily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, that weds himſelfe unto the Sea, by a Ring of Gold, I will not argue of prodigality, becauſe it is a ſolemnity of good uſe and conſequence in the State. But the Philoſopher that threw his mony into the Sea to avoid avarice, was a notorious prodigall. There is no road or ready way to vertue, it is not an eaſie point of art to diſentangle our ſelves

from this riddle, or web of ſinne: To perfect vertue, as to Religion, there is required a Panoplia or compleat armour; that whileſt we lye at cloſe ward againſt one vice, we lye open to the vennie of another: and indeed wiſer diſcretions that have the thred of reaſon to conduct them, offend without a pardon; whereas under heads many ſtumble without diſhonour. There goe ſo many circumſtances to piece up one good action, that it is a leſſon to be good, and wee are forced to be vertuous by the booke. Againe the practice of men holds not an equall pace, yea, and often runnes counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally purſue what is evill: the Rhetorick wherewith I perſwade another cannot perſwade my ſelfe: there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience heare the learned inſtructions of Reaſon; but yet performe no farther than agrees to its owne irregular humour. In briefe, we all are monſters, that is, a compoſition of man and beaſt, wherein we muſt endeavour to be as the Poets fancy

that

that wiſe man *Chiron*, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beaſt, and ſenſe to ſit but at the feet of reaſon. Laſtly, I doe deſire with God, that all, but yet affirme with men, that few ſhall know ſalvation, that the bridge is narrow, the paſſage ſtraight unto life; yet thoſe who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it farre narrower then our Saviour ever meant it.

Sect. 54. The vulgarity of thoſe judgements that wrap the Church of God in *Strabo's* cloake and reſtraine it unto Europe, ſeeme to me as bad Geographers as *Alexander*, who thought hee had conquer'd all the world when he not ſubdued the halfe of any part thereof: For wee cannot deny the Church of God both in Aſia and Africa, if we doe not forget the Peregrinations of the Apoſtles, the deathes of their Martyrs, the Seſsions of many, and even in our reformed judgement lawfull councells held in thoſe parts in the minority and nonage of ours: nor muſt a few differences more

more remarkeable in the eyes of man than perhaps in the judgment of God, excommunicate from Heaven one another, much leſſe thoſe Chriſtians who are in a manner all Martyrs, maintaining their faith in the noble way of perſecution, and ſerving God in the fire, whereas we honour him but in the Sunſhine. 'Tis true we all hold there is a number of Elect and many to be ſaved, yet take our opinions together, and from the confuſion thereof there will be no ſuch thing as ſalvation, nor ſhall any one bee ſaved; for firſt the Church of *Rome* condemneth us, we likewiſe them, the Sub-reformiſts and Sectaries ſentence the Doctrine of our Church as damnable, the Atomiſt, or Familiſt reprobates all theſe, and all theſe them againe. Thus whileſt the mercies of God do promiſe us Heaven, our conceits and opinions exclude us from that place. There muſt be therefore more than one Saint *Peter*, particular Churches and Sects uſurpe the gates of Heaven, and turne the key againſt each other, and thus we goe to heaven againſt each others wills, con-

conceits and opinions, and with as much uncharity as ignorance, do erre I feare in points, not only of our owne, but one anothers ſalvation.

I beleeve many are ſaved who to Sect. 55.
man ſeeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and ſentence of man ſtand elected; there will appeare at the laſt day, ſtrange, and unexpected examples, both of his Juſtice and his Mercy, and therefore to define either is folly in man, and inſolency, even in the Devills; thoſe acute and ſubtill ſpirits, in all their ſagacity, can hardly divine who ſhall bee ſaved; which if they could prognoſticke, their labour were at an end; nor need they compaſs the earth ſeeking whom they may devour. Thoſe who upon a rigid application of the Law, ſentence *Solomon* unto damnation, condemne not onely him, but themſelves, and the whole World; for by the Letter, and written Word of God, wee are without exception in the ſtate of Death, but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleaſure above the Letter of his owne

Law,

Law, by which alone we can pretend unto ſalvation, & through which *Solomon* might be as eaſily ſaved as thoſe who condemne him.

Sect. 56. The number of thoſe who pretend unto ſalvation, and thoſe infinite ſwarmes who thinke to paſſe through the eye of this Needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation of *little Flocke*, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, eſpecially when I reflect upon mine owne unworthineſſe, wherein, according to my humble apprehenſions, I am below them all. I beleeve there ſhall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Hierarchies amongſt the Angels, ſo ſhall there be degrees of priority amongſt the Saints. Yet is it (I proteſt) beyond my ambition to aſpire unto the firſt ranks, my deſires onely are, and I ſhall be happy therein, to be but the laſt man, and bring up the Rere in Heaven.

Sect. 57. Againe, I am confident, and fully perſwaded, yet dare not take my oath of my ſalvation; I am as it were ſure, and do be-

beleeve without all doubt that there is such a City as *Conſtantinople*, yet for me to take my oath thereon, were a kinde of perjury, becauſe I hold no infallible warrant from my owne ſenſe to confirme mee in the certainty thereof: And truely, though many pretend an abſolute certainty of their ſalvation, yet when an humble ſoule ſhall contemplate her owne unworthineſſe, ſhe ſhall meet with many doubts, and ſuddainly finde how little wee ſtand in need of the precept of Saint *Paul*, *Worke out your ſalvation with feare and trembling*. That which is the cauſe of my election, I hold to be the cauſe of my ſalvation, which was the mercy and beneplacit of God, before I was, or the foundation of the World. *Before Abraham was, I am*, is the ſaying of Chriſt, yet is it true in ſome ſenſe if I ſay it of my ſelfe, for I was not onely before my ſelfe, but *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternitie. And in this ſenſe, I ſay, the world was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead

dead before I was alive, though my grave be *England*, my dying place was Paradiſe, and *Eve* miſcarried of me before ſhe conceiv'd of *Cain*.

Sect. 58. Inſolent zeales that doe decry good workes and rely onely upon faith, take not away merit: for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more ſophiſticall way doe ſeeme to challenge Heaven. It was decreed by God, that onely thoſe that lapt in the water like dogges, ſhould have the honour to deſtroy the *Midianites*, yet could none of thoſe juſtly challenge, or imagine hee deſerved that honour thereupon. I doe not deny, but that true faith, and ſuch as God requires, is not onely a marke or token, but alſo a meanes of our ſalvation, but where to finde this, is as obſcure to me, as my laſt end. And if our Saviour could object unto his owne Diſciples, and Favourites, a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Muſtard ſeed, is able to remove Mountaines; ſurely that which wee boaſt of, is not any thing, or at the moſt, but a remove from nothing.

nothing. This is the Tenor of my belief, wherein, though there bee many things ſingular; and to the humour of my irregular ſelfe, yet if they ſquare not with maturer judgements, I diſclaime them, and do no further favour them, than the learned and beſt judgments ſhal authorize them.

The ſecond Part.

NOW for that other vertue of Charity, without which Faith is a meere notion, and of no exiſtence, I have ever endeavoured to nouriſh the mercifull diſpoſition, and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and preſcribed Lawes of Charity; and if I hold the true anatomy of my ſelfe, I am delineated and naturally framed to ſuch a piece of vertue: for I am of a conſtitution ſo generall, that it conſorts and ſympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather Idio-ſyncraſie, in diet, humour, aire, any thing: I wonder not Sect. 1.

at

at the *French* for their diſhes of frogges, ſnailes, and toadſtooles, nor at the Jewes for Locuſts and Graſſe-hoppers, but being amongſt them, make them my common viands; and I finde they agree with my ſtomach as well as theirs. I could digeſt a Sallad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot ſtart at the preſence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the ſight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no deſire to take up a ſtone to deſtroy them. I feele not in my ſelf thoſe common Antipathies that I can diſcover in others: Thoſe nationall repugnances doe not touch me, nor doe I behold with prejudice the *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniard*, and *Dutch*; but where I find their actions in ballance with my Countreymens, I honour, love, and embrace them in ſome degree; I was borne in the eighth Climate, but ſeeme for to bee framed and conſtellated unto all: I am no plant that will not proſper out of a Garden. All places, all ayres make unto mee one Country; I am in *England*, every where, and under any meridian;

I

I have beene ſhipwrackt, yet am not enemie with the ſea or winds; I can ſtudy, play, or ſleepe in a tempeſt. In briefe, I am averſe from nothing, my conſcience would give mee the lie if I ſhould ſay I abſolutely deteſt or hate any eſſence but the Devill, or ſo at leaſt abhorre any thing but that wee might come to compoſition. If there bee any among thoſe common objects of hatred I doe contemne and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reaſon, vertue and religion, the Multitude, that numerous piece of monſtrofity, which taken aſunder ſeeme men, and the reaſonable creatures of God; but confuſed together, make but one great beaſt, and a monſtroſity more prodigious then Hydra; it is no breach of Charity to call theſe Fooles, it is the ſtyle all holy Writers have afforded them, ſet downe by *Solomon* in Canonicall Scripture, and a point of our faith to beleeve ſo. Neither in the name of Multitude doe I onely include the baſe and minor ſort of people; there is a rabble even amongſt the Gentry, a ſort of Plebeian heads,

whoſe fancy moves with the ſame wheele as theſe; men in the ſame Level with Mechanicks, though their fortunes doe ſomewhat guild their infirmities, and their purſes compound for their follies. But as in caſting account, three or foure men together come ſhort in account of one man placed by himſelf below them: So neither are a troope of theſe ignorant Doradoes, of that true eſteeme and value, as many a forlorne perſon, whoſe condition doth place them below their feete. Let us ſpeake like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a naturall dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his deſert, and preheminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of theſe times, and the byas of preſent practiſe wheele another way, thus it was in the firſt and primitive Common-wealths, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-ordered Polities, till corruption getteth ground, ruder deſires labouring after that wch wiſer conſiderations contemne,

every

every one having a liberty to amaſſe and heap up riches, and they a licenſe or faculty to doe or purchaſe any thing.

This generall and indifferent temper of mine, doth more neerely diſpoſe mee to this noble vertue. It is a happineſſe to bee born and framed unto vertue, and to grow up from the ſeeds of nature, rather then the inoculation and forced graffs of education; yet if wee are directed only by our particular Natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reaſons, we are but Moraliſts, Divinity will ſtill call us Heathens. Therefore this great work of charity, muſt have other motives, ends, and impulſions: I give no almes to ſatisfie the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfill and accompliſh the Will and Command of my God; I draw not my purſe for his ſake that demands it, but his that enjoyned it; I relieve no man upon the Rhetorick of his miſeries, nor to content mine owne commiſerating diſpoſition, for this is ſtill but morall charity, and an act that oweth more to paſſion than reaſon. He that relieves another upon the bare ſug- Sect. 2.

geſtion and bowels of pity, doth not this ſo much for his ſake, as for his own: for by compaſſion wee make others miſery our own, and ſo by relieving them, we relieve our ſelves alſo. It is as erroneous a conceit to redreſſe other Mens misfortunes upon the common conſiderations of mercifull natures, that it may be one day our own caſe, for this is a ſiniſter & politick kind of charity, whereby we ſeem to beſpeake the pities of men in the like occaſions: and truely I have obſerved that thoſe profeſſed Eleemoſynaries, though in a croud or multitude, doe yet direct and place their petitions on a few and ſelected perſons; there is ſurely a Phyſiognomy, which thoſe experienced and Maſter Mendicants obſerve, whereby they inſtantly diſcover a mercifull aſpect, and will ſingle out a face, wherein they ſpy the ſignatures and markes of mercy: for there are myſtically in our faces certaine characters which carry in them the motto of our Soules, wherein he that can read *A. B. C.* may read our natures. I hold moreover that there is a Phytognomy, or Phyſiognomy

ſiognomy, not onely of men, but of Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, ſome outward figures which hang as ſignes or buſhes of their inward formes. The finger of God hath left an inſcription upon all his workes, not graphicall or compoſed of Letters, but of their ſeverall formes, conſtitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joyned together doe make one word that doth expreſſe their natures. By theſe Letters God calls the Starres by their names, and by this Alphabet *Adam* aſſigned to every creature a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are beſides theſe Characters in our faces, certaine myſticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere daſhes, ſtrokes, *a la volee*, or at randome, becauſe delineated by a pencill, that never workes in vaine; and hereof I take more particular notice, becauſe I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never read of, nor diſcover in another. *Ariſtotle*, I confeſſe, in his acute, and ſingular booke of Phyſiognomy, hath made no mention of Chiromancy, yet

I beleeve the *Egyptians*, who were neerer addicted to thoſe abſtruſe and myſticall ſciences, had a knowledge therein, to which thoſe vagabond and counterfeit *Egyptians* did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles, which ſometimes might verifie their prognoſticks.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among ſo many millions of faces, there ſhould be none alike; Now contrary, I wonder as much how there ſhould be any; he that ſhall conſider how many thouſand ſeverall words have beene careleſly and without ſtudy compoſed out of 24 Letters; withall how many hundred lines there are to bee drawne in the fabrick of one man; ſhall eaſily finde that this variety is neceſſary. And it will be very hard that they ſhall ſo concurre as to make one portract like another. Let a Painter careleſly limbe out a Million of faces, and you ſhall finde them all different; yea let him have his copy before him, yet after all his art there will remaine a ſenſible diſtinction; for the patterne

or

or example of every thing is the perfecteſt in that kinde, whereof wee ſtill come ſhort, though we tranſcend or goe beyond it, becauſe herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto its Copy. Nor doth the ſimilitude of Creatures diſparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the workes of God. For even in things alike there is diverſity, and thoſe that doe ſeeme to accord, doe manifeſtly diſagree. And thus is man like God, for in the ſame things that wee reſemble him, wee are utterly different from him. There was never any thing ſo like another, as in all points to concurre, there will ever ſome reſerved difference ſlip in, to prevent the identity, without which, two ſeverall things would not be alike, but the ſame, which is impoſſible.

But to returne from Philoſophy to Charity, I hold not ſo narrow a conceit of this vertue, as to conceive that to give almes, is onely to be Charitable, or thinke a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Totall of Charity; Divinity hath wiſely divided the act there- Sect. 3.

of into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many pathes unto goodneſſe; as many wayes as wee may doe good, ſo many wayes wee may bee Charitable; there are infirmities, not onely of body, but of ſoule, and fortunes, which doe require the merciſull hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I doe *Lazarus*. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, then apparell the nakedneſſe of his Soule. It is an honorable object to ſee the reaſons of other men weare our Liveries, and their borrowed underſtandings doe homage to the bounty of ours: It is the cheapeſt way of beneficence, and like the naturall charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obſcuring it ſelfe. To bee reſerved and caitif in this part of goodneſſe, is the ſordideſt piece of covetouſneſſe, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my ſelfe a Scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treaſure of know-

ledge,

ledge; I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in learning; I ſtudy not for my owne ſake onely, but for theirs that ſtudy not for themſelves. I envy no man that knowes more than my ſelfe, but pity them that knowes leſſe. I inſtruct no man as an exerciſe of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nouriſh and keepe it alive in mine owne head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midſt of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects mee, that my acquired parts muſt periſh with my ſelfe, nor can bee Legacyed among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an errour, or conceive why a difference in opinion ſhould divide an affection: for controverſies, diſputes, and argumentations, both in Philoſophy, and in Divinity, if they meete with diſcreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all diſputes; ſo much as there is of paſſion, ſo much there is of nothing to the purpoſe, for then reaſon like a bad Hound ſpends upon a falſe ſent, and forſakes the queſtion

ſtion firſt ſtarted. And this is one reaſon why controverſies are never determined, for though they be amply propoſed, they are ſcarce at all handled, they doe ſo ſwell with unneceſſary Digreſſions, and the Parentheſis on the party, is often as large as the main diſcourſe upon the ſubject. The Foundations of Religion are already eſtabliſhed, and the principles of Salvation ſubſcribed unto by all, there remaines not many controverſies worth a paſſion, and yet never any diſputed without, not onely in Divinity, but inferiour Arts: What a βατεροχρμυομαχία and hot skirmiſh is betwixt *S.* and *T.* in *Lucian?* How doth Grammarians hack and ſlaſh for the Genitive caſe in *Jupiter?* How doe they breake their owne pates to ſalve that of *Priſcian? Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.* Yea, even amongſt wiſer militants, how many wounds havebeen given, and credits ſlaine for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conqueſt of a diſtinction? Scholers are men of Peace, they beare no armes, but their tongues are ſharper

then

than *Actius* his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report than thunder; I had rather ſtand in the ſhock of a Baſiliſco, than in the fury of a mercileſſe pen. It is not meere zeale to Learning, or devotion to the Muſes, that wiſer Princes patron the Arts: and carry an indulgent aſpect unto Schollers, but a deſire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of ſucceeding ages: for theſe are the men, that when they have played their parts, and had their *exits*, muſt ſtep out and give the morall of their Scenes, and deliver unto poſterity an Inventory of their vertues and vices. And ſurely there goes a great deale of conſcience to the compiling of an Hiſtory, there is no reproach to the ſcandall of a Story; It is ſuch an Authenticke kinde of falſehood, that with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Poſterity.

There is an other offence unto Cha- Sect. 4.
rity, which no Author hath ever written of, and few take notice of, and that's,

that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious Epithets wee miscall each other, and by an uncharitable Logick, from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all.

Le mutin Anglois, et le bravache Escossois;
Le bougre Italian, et le fol Francois;
Le poultron Romani, le larron de Gascongne,
L' Espagnol superbe, et l' Aleman yurongne.

Saint *Paul* that cals the *Cretians* lyers, doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way as *Neroes* was in another. For by a word wee wound a thousand, and at one blow assassine the honour of a Nation. It is as compleate a piece of madnesse to miscall and rave against the times: or thinke to recall men to reason, by a fit of passion: *Democritus* that thought to laugh the times into goodnesse, seemes to me as deeply Hypochondriack, as *Heraclitus* that bewailed them; it moves not my spleen to beholde the multitude in their proper humors, that is, in their fits of folly & madnes, as wel understand-

derſtanding that Wiſedome is not propha[n]'d unto the World, and 'tis the priviledge of a few to be vertuous. They that endeavour to aboliſh vice deſtroy alſo vertue; for contraries, though they deſtroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus vertue (aboliſh vice) is an Idea: againe, the communitie of ſinne doth not diſparage goodneſſe; for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being loſt in ſome, multiplies its goodneſſe in others which remaine untouched, and perſiſts intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a Satyre, content onely with an admonition, or inſtructive reprehenſion; for Noble natures, and ſuch as are capable of goodneſſe, are railed into vice, that might as eaſily bee admoniſhed into vertue; and wee ſhould bee all ſo farre the Orators of goodneſſe, as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintaine the cauſe of injured truth. No man can juſtly cenſure or condemne another, becauſe indeed no man truely knowes another.

nother. This I perceive in my ſelfe, for I am in the dark to all the world, and my neareſt friends behold mee but in a cloud; thoſe that know mee but ſuperficially, think leſſe of me than I doe of my ſelfe; thoſe of my neere acquaintance thinke more; God, who truely knowes me, knowes that I am nothing, for he onely beholds mee, and all the world, who lookes not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a ſenſible ſpecies, but beholds the ſubſtance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, becauſe no man knowes himſelfe, for we cenſure others but as they diſagree from that humor which wee fancy laudable in our ſelves, and commend others but for that wherein they ſeeme to quadrate and conſent with us. So that in concluſion, all is but that we all condemne, ſelfe-love. 'Tis the generall complaint of theſe times, and perhaps of thoſe paſt, that charity growes cold; which I perceive moſt verified in thoſe which moſt doe manifeſt the fires

and

and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that beſt agrees with coldeſt natures, and ſuch as are complexioned for humility: But how ſhall wee expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to our ſelves? Charity begins at home, is the voice of the World, yet is every man his greateſt enemy, and as it were, his owne executioner. *Non occides*, is the Commandement of God, yet ſcarce obſerved by any man; for I perceive every man is his owne *Atropos*, and lends a hand to cut the thred of his own dayes. *Cain* was not therefore the firſt Murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in death; wherefore hee beheld the practiſe and example in his owne ſonne *Abel*, and ſaw that verified in the experience of another, which faith could not perſwade him in the Theory of himſelfe.

There is I thinke no man that apprehends his owne miſeries leſſe than my ſelfe, and no man that ſo neerely apprehends anothers. I could loſe an arme without a teare, and with few groanes, mee thinkes, bee quartered into Sect 5.

pieces;

pieces; yet can I weepe moſt ſeriouſly at a Play, and receive with a true paſſion, the counterfeit griefes of thoſe knowne and profeſſed impoſtures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to adde unto any afflicted parties miſery, or endeavour to multiply in any man, a paſſion, whoſe ſingle nature is already above his patience; this was the greateſt affliction of *Iob*, and thoſe oblique expoſtulations of his friends a deeper injury than the downe-right blowes of the Devill. It is not the teares of our owne eyes onely, but of our friends alſo, that doe exhauſt the current of our ſorrowes; which falling into many ſtreames, runne more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to tranſlate a paſſion out of one breaſt into another, and to divide a ſorrow almoſt out of it ſelfe; for an affliction like a dimenſion may bee ſo divided, as if not indiviſible, at leaſt to become inſenſible. Now with my friend I deſire not to ſhare or participate, but to engroſſe his ſorrows, that by making them mine owne,

owne, I may more eaſily diſcuſſe them; for in mine owne reaſon, and within my ſelfe I can command that, which I cannot intreat without my ſelfe, and within the circle of another. I have often thought thoſe noble paires and examples of friendſhip not ſo truely Hiſtories of what had beene, as fictions of what ſhould be, but I now perceive nothing in them but poſſibilities, nor any thing in the Heroick examples of *Damon* and *Pythias*; *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which mee thinkes upon ſome grounds I could not performe within the narrow compaſſe of my ſelfe. That a man ſhould lay downe his life for his friend, ſeemes ſtrange to vulgar affections, and ſuch as confine themſelves within that worldly principle, Charity beginnes at home. For mine owne part, I could never remember the relations that I held unto my ſelfe, nor the reſpect that I owe unto my owne nature, in the cauſe of God, my Countrey, and my Friends. Next to theſe three, I doe embrace my ſelfe; I confeſſe I do not obſerve that order that the Schooles or-

daine our affections, to love our Parents, Wifes, Children, and then our Friends, for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not find in my ſelfe ſuch a neceſſary and indiſſoluble Sympathy to all thoſe of my bloud. I hope I doe not break the fifth Commandement, if *I* conceive *I* may love my friend before the neareſt of my bloud, even thoſe to whom I owe the principles of life; *I* never yet caſt a true affection on a Woman, but I have loved my friend as *I* doe vertue, my ſoule, my God. From hence me thinkes *I* doe conceive how God loves man, what happineſſe there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three moſt myſticall unions; Two natures in one perſon; three perſons in one nature; one ſoule in two bodies. For though indeed they be really divided, yet are they ſo united, as they ſeeme but one, and make rather a duality then two diſtinct ſoules.

Sect. 6. There are wonders in true affection, it is a body of *Enigmaes*, myſteries and riddles; wherein two ſo become one, as they both become two: *I* love my friend be-

before my ſelfe, and yet me thinkes *I* do not love him enough; ſome few months hence my multiplied affection will make me beleeve *I* have not loved him at all; when *I* am from him, *I* am dead till *I* bee with him, when *I* am with him, *I* am not ſatisfied, but would ſtill be nearer him: united ſoules are not ſatisfied with embraces, but deſire to be truely each other, which being impoſſible, their deſires are infinite, and muſt proceed without a poſſibility of ſatisfaction. Another miſery there is in affection, that whom we truely love like our owne, wee forget their looks, nor can our memory retaine the *I*dea of their faces, and it is no wonder, for they are our ſelves, and our affection makes their lookes our owne. This noble affection fals not on vulgar and common conſtitutions, but on ſuch as are mark'd for vertue; he that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will in a competent degree affect all. Now if wee can bring our affections to looke beyond the body, and caſt an eye upon the ſoule, we have found out the

true object, not onely of friendſhip but charity; and the greateſt happineſſe that we can bequeath the ſoule, is that wherein wee all doe place our laſt felicity, Salvation; which though it be not in our power to beſtow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to deſire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for my ſelfe in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor requeſt a happineſſe wherein my ſociable diſpoſition doth not deſire the fellowſhip of my neighbour. I never heare the Toll of a paſſing Bell, though in my mirth; without my prayers and beſt wiſhes for the departing ſpirit: I cannot goe to cure the body of my Patient, but I forget my profeſſion, and call unto God for his ſoule; I cannot ſee one ſay his Prayers, but in ſtead of imitating him, I fall into a ſupplication for him, who perhaps is no more to me then a common nature: and if God hath vouchſafed an eare to my ſupplications, there are ſurely many happy that never ſaw mee, and enjoy the bleſſing of mine unknowne devotions.

votions. To pray for Enemies, that is, for their ſalvation, is no harſh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot beleeve the ſtory of the Italian, our bad wiſhes and uncharitable deſires proceed no further than this life; it is the Devill, and the uncharitable votes of Hell, that deſire our miſery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none, was Sect. 7.
a principle, which to my former yeers, and impatient affections, ſeemed to containe enough of Morality, but my more ſetled years, and Chriſtian conſtitution have fallen upon ſeverer reſolutions. I can hold there is no ſuch thing as injury, that if there bee, there is no ſuch injury as revenge, and no ſuch revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to maligne himſelfe, that the trueſt way to love another, is to deſpiſe our ſelves. I were unjuſt unto mine owne conſcience, if I ſhould ſay I am at variance with any thing like my ſelfe. I finde there are many pieces in this one fabricke of man; this frame is raiſed

upon a maſſe of Antipathies: I am one mee thinkes, but as the World; wherein notwithſtanding there are a ſwarme of diſtinct eſſences, and in them another World of contrarieties; wee carry private and domeſtick enemies within, publick and more hoſtile adverſaries without. The Devill that did but buffet Saint *Paul*, playes mee thinkes at ſharpe with mee: Let mee be nothing if within the compaſſe of my ſelfe, I doe not find the battaile of *Lepanto*, paſſion againſt reaſon, reaſon againſt faith, faith againſt the Devill, and my conſcience againſt all. There is another man within me that's angry with mee, rebukes, commands, and daſtards mee. I have no conſcience of Marble to reſiſt the hammer of more heavy offences, nor yet too ſoft and waxen, as to take the impreſſion of each ſingle peccadillo or ſcape of infirmity: I am of a ſtrange beliefe, that it is as eaſie to be forgiven ſome ſinnes, as to commit ſome others. For my originall ſinne, I hold it to be waſhed away in my Baptiſme; for my actuall tranſgreſſi-

greſſions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my laſt repentance, Sacrament or general abſolution: and therefore am not terrified with the ſinnes or madneſſe of my youth. I thanke the goodneſſe of God, I have no ſinnes that want a name, I am not ſingular in offences, my tranſgreſſions are Epidemicall, and from the common breath of our corruption. For there are certaine tempers of body, which matcht with an humorous depravity of mind, doe hatch and produce vitioſities, whoſe newneſſe and monſtroſity of nature admits no name; this was the temper of that Lecher that carnald with a Statua, and the conſtitution of *Nero* in his Spintrian recreations. For the Heavens are not onely fruitfull in new and unheard of ſtarres, the Earth in plants and animals, but mens minds alſo in villanie and vices; now the dulneſſe of my reaſon, and the vulgarity of my diſpoſition, never prompted my invention, nor ſolicited my affection unto any of theſe; yet even thoſe common and quotidian infirmities that ſo neceſſarily attend me, and doe

seeme to bee my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise of my self, that I repute my selfe the most abjectest piece of mortality: Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine, passions of a contrary nature, which neither seeme to suite with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to our selves to bee at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we doe but imitate our great selves the world, whose divided Antipathies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in setters those powers, whose rebellions once Masters, might bee the ruine of all.

Sect. 8. I thanke God, amongst those millions of vices I doe inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one, and that a mortall enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not onely of man but of the devil,

vil, Pride, a vice whose name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it: those pety acquisitions & reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, adde no feathers unto mine; I have seene a Grammarian toure, and plume himselfe over a single line in *Horace*, and shew more pride in the construction of one Ode, than the Author in the composure of the whole booke. For my owne part, besides the *Jargon* and *Patois* of severall Provinces, I understand no lesse then six Languages, yet I protest I have no higher conceit of my selfe than had our Fathers before the confusion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the world, and none to boast himselfe either Linguist or Critick. I have not onely seene severall Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their provinces, Topography of their Cities, but understood their severall Lawes, Customes and Policies; yet cannot all this perswade the dulnesse

of

of my ſpirit unto ſuch an opinion of may ſelf, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their neſts. I know the names, and ſomewhat more, of all the conſtellations in my Horizon, yet *I* have ſeene a prating Mariner that could onely name the pointers and the North Starre, out-talke mee, and conceit himſelfe a whole Spheare above mee. I know moſt of the Plants of my Country and of thoſe about mee; yet mee thinks *I* doe not know ſo many as when I did but know a hundred, and had ſcarcely ever Simpled further than Cheap-ſide: for indeed heads of capacity, and ſuch as are not full with a handfull, or eaſie meaſure of knowledge, think they know nothing, till they know all, which being impoſſible, they fall upon the opinion of *Socrates*, and onely know they know not any thing. I cannot think that *Homer* pin'd away upon the riddle of the fiſherman, or that *Ariſtotle*, who underſtood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confeſſed ſo often the reaſon of man too weake

for

for the workes of nature, did ever drowne himſelfe upon the flux and reflux of *Euripus*: we doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will unteach to morrow: and *Ariſtotle* doth not inſtruct us as *Plato* did him; that is, to confute himſelfe. I have runne through all ſorts, yet finde no reſt in any, though our firſt ſtudies and *junior* endeavours may ſtile us Peripateticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceive the wiſeſt heads prove at laſt, almoſt all Scepticks, and ſtand like *Janus* in the field of knowledge. I have therefore on common and authentick Philoſophy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I diſcourſe and ſatisfie the reaſon of other men, another more reſerved and drawne from experience, whereby I content mine owne. *Solomon* that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but diſcouraged my endeavours. There is yet another conceit that hath ſometimes made me ſhut my bookes, which tels mee it is a vanity to waſt our dayes in the

blind

blind purſuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and wee ſhall enjoy that by inſtinct and infuſion, which wee indeavour all here by labour and inquiſition: it is better to ſit downe in a modeſt ignorance, and reſt contented with the naturall bleſſing of our owne reaſons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with ſweat and vexation, which death gives every foole gratis, and is an acceſſary of our glorification.

Sect. 9. I was never yet once, and commend their reſolutions who never marry twice: not that I diſallow of ſecond marriage; as neither in all caſes of Polygamy, which conſidering ſome times and the unequall number of both ſexes, may bee alſo neceſſary. The whole World was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: Man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib and crooked piece of man. I could be content that we might procreate like trees without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this triviall

viall and vulgar way of coition; It is the fooliſheſt act a wiſeman commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cool'd imagination, when hee ſhall conſider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly hee hath committed; I ſpeake not in prejudice, nor am averſe from that ſweet ſex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull; I can looke a whole day with delight upon a handſome picture, though it be but of an Horſe. It is my temper and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and ſure there is muſick even in the beauty, and the ſilent note which *Cupid* ſtrikes, farre ſweeter than the ſound of an inſtrument. For there is a muſicke where ever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the muſick of the ſpheares; for thoſe well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no ſound unto the eare, yet to the underſtanding they ſtrike a note moſt full of harmony. Whatſoever is harmonically compoſed, delights in harmony; which makes me much diſtruſt the ſymmetry of thoſe

heads

heads which declaime against all Church musick. For my selfe, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I doe embrace it; for even that vulgar and Taverne Musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer, there is something in it of Divinity more than the eare discovers: it is an *Hieroglyphicall* and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God, such a melody to the eare, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In briefe, it is a sensible fit of that harmony, which intellectually sounds in the eares of God: I will not say with *Plato*, the soule is an harmony, but harmonicall, and hath its neareſt sympathy unto musicke: thus some whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are borne Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rhythme. * This made *Tacitus* in the very first line of his Story, fall upon a verse; and *Cicero* the worst of Poets, but

* *Vrbem Romam in principio Reges habuere*

de-

* declayming for a Poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect * Hexameter, I feele not in mee those sordid, and unchristian desires of my profession; I doe not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famines, revolve Ephemerides, and Almanacks, in expectation of malignant Aspects, fatall conjunctions, and Eclipses: I reioyce not at unwholsome springs, nor unseasonable Winters; my prayer goes with the Husbandmans; I desire every thing in its proper season, that neither men nor the times bee put out of temper. Let mee be sicke my selfe, if sometimes the malady of my patient bee not a disease unto me, I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my owne necessities, where I doe him no good me thinkes it is scarce honest gaine, though I confesse 'tis but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours: I am not onely ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incureable, yet not for my owne sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the generall cause &

* *Pro Archia Poeta.*
* *In qua me non inficior mediocriter esse.*

sake

ſake of humanity whoſe common cauſe I apprehend as mine own: And to ſpeak more generally, thoſe three Noble profeſſions which all civil Commonwealths doe honour, are raiſed upon the fall of *Adam*, and are not any exempt from their infirmities; there are not onely diſeaſes incureable in Phyſick, but caſes indiſſoluble in Lawes, Vices incorrigible in Divinity: if Generall Councells may erre, I doe not ſee why particular Courts ſhould be infallible, their perfecteſt rules are raiſed upon the erroneous reaſons of Man, and the Lawes of one do but condemne the rules of another; as *Ariſtotle* oft-times the opinions of his predeceſſors, becauſe, though agreeable to reaſon, yet were not conſonant to his owne rules, and Logick of his proper principles. Againe, to ſpeake nothing of the ſinne againſt the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe cure not onely, but whoſe nature is unknowne: I can cure the gout or ſtone in ſome, ſooner than Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. *I* can cure vices by Phyſicke, when they remaine incurable by Divinity, and ſhall obey my pils,

pils, when they contemne their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, wee all labour against our owne cure, for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no Catholicon or universall remedy *I* know but this, which though nauseous to queasie stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar and a pleasant potion of immortality.

For my conversation, it is like the Sunne's with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Me thinkes there is no man bad, and the worst, best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities, wherein there is good: there is no mans minde of such discordant and jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia*, it is the posie of the best natures, and may bee inverted on the worst; there are in the most depraved and venemous dispositions, certaine pieces that remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to Sect. 11.

preſerve themſelves from the contagion of their enemies vices, and perſiſt intire beyond the generall corruption. For it is alſo thus in natures. The greateſt Balſames doe lie enveloped in the bodies of moſt powerfull Corroſives; I ſay moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poyſons containe within themſelves their owne Antidote, and that which preſerves them from the venome of themſelves, without which they were not deletorious to others onely, but to themſelves alſo. But it is the corruption that *I* feare within me, not the contagion of commerce without mee. 'Tis that unruly regiment within me, that will deſtroy me, 'tis I that doe infect my ſelfe, the man without a Navell yet lives in mee; I feele that originall canker corrode and devour mee, and therefore *Defenda me Dios de me,* Lord deliver mee from my ſelfe, is a part of my Letany, and the firſt voice of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, becauſe every man is a *Microcoſme,* and carries the whole world about him; *Nunquam minus ſolus quam*

cum

cum ſolus, though it bee the Apophthegme of a wiſe man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though in a Wilderneſſe, a man is never, alone, not onely becauſe hee is with himſelf, and his owne thoughts, but becauſe hee is with the Devill, who ever conſorts with our ſolitude, and is that unruly rebell that muſters up thoſe diſordered motions, which accompany our ſequeſtred imaginations: And to ſpeake more narrowly, there is no ſuch thing as ſolitude, nor any thing that can be ſaid to bee alone, and by it ſelfe, but God who is his owne circle, and can ſubſiſt by himſelfe, all others beſides their diſſimilary and Heterogeneous parts whichin a manner multiply their natures, cannot ſubſiſt without the concourſe of God, and the ſociety of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In briefe, there can be nothing truly alone, and by its ſelfe, which is not truely one, and ſuch is onely God: All others doe tranſcend an unity, and ſo by conſequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of Sect. 12.

thirty yeares, which to relate, were not a Hiſtory, but a peece of Poetry, and would ſound to common eares like a fable; for the world, *I* count it not an Inne, but an Hoſpitall, and a place, not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is my ſelfe, it is the Microcoſme of mine owne frame, that I caſt mine eye on; for the other, *I* uſe it but like my Globe, and turne it round ſometimes for my recreation. Men that looke upon my outſide, peruſing only my condition, and fortunes, doe erre in my altitude; for *I* am above *Atlas* his ſhoulders. The earth is a point not onely in reſpect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celeſtiall part within us: that maſſe of fleſh that circumſcribes me, limits not my minde: that ſurface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot perſwade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and ſixty, though the number of the Arke doe meaſure my body, it comprehendeth not my minde: whilſt *I* ſtudy to find how *I* am a Microcoſme or little world, I finde my ſelfe ſomething more

more than the great. There is ſurely a peece of Divinity in us, ſomething that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sunne. Nature tels me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture; he that underſtands not thus much, hath not his introductions or firſt leſſon, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if *I* ſay *I* am as happy as any, *Fuat cœlum, Fiat voluntas tua*, ſalveth all; ſo that whatſoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers deſire. In briefe, I am content, and what ſhould providence adde more? Surely this is it wee call Happineſſe, and this doe *I* enjoy, with this I am happy in a dreame, and as content to enjoy a happineſſe in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is ſurely a neerer apprehenſion of any thing that delights us in our dreames than in our waked ſenſes; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement diſcontents mee, ever whiſpering unto me, that I am from my friend, but my friendly dreames in night requite

me, and make me thinke I am within his armes. I thanke God for my happy dreames, as I doe for my good reſt, for there is a ſatisfaction in them unto reaſonable deſires, and ſuch as can be content with a fit of happineſſe; and ſurely it is not a melancholy conceite to thinke we are all aſleepe in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as meere dreames to thoſe of the next, as the Phantaſmes of the night, to the conceite of the day. There is an equall deluſion in both, and the one doth but ſeeme to bee the embleme or picture of the other; wee are ſomewhat more than our ſelves in our ſleepes, and the ſlumber of the body ſeemes to bee but the waking of the ſoule. It is the ligation of ſenſe, but the liberty of reaſon, and our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our ſleepes. At my Nativity, my aſcendent was the earthly ſigne of *Scorpius*, I was borne in the Planetary houre of *Saturne*, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden planet in mee. I am no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and galliardize of com-

company, yet in one dreame I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests and laugh my selfe awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithfull as my reason is then fruitfull, I would never study but in my dreames; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked soules, a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular tract of sleepe, hath not me thinkes throughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though he seeme to have corrected it; for those *Noctambuloes* and night-walkers, though in their sleep, doe yet enjoy the action of their senses: wee must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstatick soules doe walke about in their owne corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seeme to heare, see, and feele, though indeed

the Organs are deſtitute of ſenſe, and their natures of thoſe faculties that ſhould informe them. Thus it is obſerved that men ſometimes upon the houre of their departure, doe ſpeake and reaſon above themſelves. For then the ſoule begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reaſon like her ſelfe and to diſcourſe in a ſtraine above mortality.

Sect. 13. We tearme ſleep a death, and yet it is waking that kils us, and deſtroyes thoſe ſpirits that are the houſe of life. Tis indeed a part of life that beſt expreſſeth death, for every man truely lives ſo long as hee acts his nature, or ſomeway makes good the faculties of himſelfe: *Themiſtocles* therefore that ſlew his Souldier in his ſleepe was a merciful executioner, 'tis a kinde of puniſhment the mildneſſe of no lawes hath invented; I wonder the fancy of *Lucan* and *Seneca* did not diſcover it. It is that death by which wee may be literally ſaid to die daily, a death which *Adam* died before his mortality, a death whereby wee live a middle and moderating point be-

betweene life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not truſt it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away.
Let not my ſinnes, blacke as the night,
Eclipſe the luſtre of thy light.
Keep ſtill in my Horizon, for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whoſe nature cannot ſleep,
On my temples centry keep;
Guard me 'gainſt thoſe watchfull foes,
Whoſe eyes are open while mine cloſe.
Let no dreames my head infeſt,
But ſuch as Jacobs *temples bleſt.*
While I doe reſt, my ſoule advance,
Make my ſleepe a holy trance:
That I may, my reſt being wrought,
Awake into ſome holy thought.
And with as active vigour runne
My courſe, as doth the nimble Sunne.
Sleepe is a death, O make me try,
By ſleeping, what it is to die.
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.

How

How ere I reſt, great God let me
Awake againe at leaſt with thee.
And thus aſſur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
Theſe are my drowſie dayes, in vaine
I doe now wake to ſleepe againe.
O come that houre, when I ſhall never
Sleep againe, but wake for ever.

This is the dormitive I take to bed-ward, I need no other *Laudanum* than this to make mee ſleep; after which I cloſe mine eyes in ſecurity, content to take my leave of the Sunne, and ſleepe unto the reſurrection.

Sect. 14. The method I ſhould uſe in diſtributive juſtice, I often obſerve in commutative, and keepe a Geometricall proportion in both, whereby becomming equable to others, I become unjuſt to my ſelfe, and ſupererogate in that common principle, Doe unto others as thou wouldeſt be done unto thy ſelf. I was not borne unto riches, neither is it I thinke my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my minde, and frankneſſe of my diſpoſition, were able to contradict and croſſe my fates: for to me

nee avarice ſeemes not ſo much a vice, is a deplorable piece of madneſſe; to conceive our ſelves Vrinals or be perſwaded that wee are dead, is not ſo ridiculous, nor ſo many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this. The opinions of theory and poſitions of men are not ſo void of reaſon, as their practiſed concluſion: ſome have held that Snow is black, that the earth moves, that the ſoule is ayre, fire, water, but all this is Philoſophy, and there is no *delirium*, if wee doe but ſpeculate the folly and indiſputable dotage of avarice to that ſubterráneous Idoll, and God of the Earth. I doe confeſſe I am an Atheiſt, I cannot perſwade my ſelfe to honour that the world adores, whatſoever vertue its prepared ſubſtance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a baſe deſigne, or an action that ſhould call mee villaine, for the Indies, and for this only do I love and honour my own ſoul: and have me thinkes two armes too few to embrace my ſelfe.

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle is too ſevere, that will not allow us to bee truely liberall without wealth, and the bountifull hand of fortune; if this be true, I muſt confeſſe I am charitable onely in my liberall intentions, and bountifull well-wiſhes. But if the example of the Mite bee not onely an act of wonder, but an example of the nobleſt charity, ſurely poore men may alſo build Hoſpitals, and the rich alone have not erected Cathedralls. I have a private method which others obſerve not, I take the opportunity of my ſelfe to doe good, I borrow occaſion of charity from mine owne neceſſities, and ſupply the wants of others, when I am in moſt neede my ſelfe; for it is an honeſt ſtratagem to make advantage of our ſelves, and ſo to huſband the act of vertue, that where they were defective in one circumſtance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodneſſe in an other. I have not *Peru* in my deſires, but a competence, and ability to performe thoſe good workes,

to

to which he hath inclined my nature. Hee is rich, who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be ſo poore, that a noble minde may not finde a way to this piece of goodneſſe. *Hee that giveth to the poore lendeth to the Lord*, there is more Rhetorick in that one ſentence than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if thoſe ſentences were underſtood by the Reader, with the ſame Emphaſis as they are delivered by the Author, wee needed not thoſe Volumes of inſtructions, but might bee honeſt by an Epitome. Upon this motive onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his neceſſities with my purſe, or his ſoule with my prayers; theſe ſcenicall and accidentall differences betweene us, cannot make me forget that common and uncoucht part of us both; there is under theſe *Centoes* and miſerable outſides, theſe mutilate and ſemi-bodies, a ſoule of the ſame alloy with our owne, whoſe Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to ſalvation, as our ſelves. Statiſts that labour to contrive a Common-wealth without

out poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Sect. 15. Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour, for this I think charity, to love God for himselfe, and our neighbour for God. All that is truely amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retaines a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truely love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore vertue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our noble friends that wee love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. *God* being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himselfe, hee loves us but for that part, which is as it were himselfe, and the traduction of his

his holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams, without realty, truth, or constancy; for first there is a strong bond of affection betweene us and our parents; yet how easily dissolved? We betake our selves to a woman, forgetting our Mother in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that shall beare our Image. This woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the levell it held before, and sinkes from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They, growing up in yeares, desire our ends, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better then our selves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his owne issue.

I conclude therefore and say, there is no happinesse under (or as *Copernicus* will have it, above) the Sunne, nor any Crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisedome of *Solomon*, *All is vanity and vexation of Spirit*; there is no felicity Sect. 16.

felicity in that the world adores. *Aristotle* whilst he labours to refute Idea's of *Plato*, fals upon one himselfe: for his *summum bonum*, is a *Chimæra*, and there is no such thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himselfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defect the Devills are unhappy; that dare I call happinesse: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easie Metaphor deserve that name; whatsoever else the World termes happinesse, is to me a story out of *Pliny*; an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happines, than the name. Blesse mee in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thy selfe and my dearest friends, & I shall be happy enough to pity *Cæsar*. These are O Lord the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happines on earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand or providence, dispose of me according to the wisdome of thy pleasure. Thy will be done though in my owne undoing.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A 740